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CANADIAN COPYRIGHT EDITION

CANADIAN NOTES

By T. HADLEY McGINNIS

Observations
Deductions and
Conclusions
upon
Canadians
and
Their Habits
by
One Who Has
Studied Them
Long and
Carefully

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CANADIAN NOTES.

CHAPTER I.

"An officer of the county government, from Brooklyn, N. Y., who is a tall, handsome fellow, wearing eyeglasses and an air that combines jollity with dignity, happened to be in Kingston, Canada, recently with a judge of the Supreme Court, also of Brooklyn," says the *Brooklyn Eagle*. "They went into a large stationery store and were waited on by a young woman of pleasant countenance who seemed very obliging. They purchased quite liberally and were about to direct that their parcels be made into a bundle for them when the officer of the county government—who never wants his name to appear in the papers under any circumstances—saw a large engraving of Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, etc.

'There's a good portrait of Vicky,' he said, attracting the attention of the judge.

'Yes,' agreed the latter. 'Let us take a couple.'

When the Brooklyn men looked up from examining the engraving they found that all their parcels had been swept away, and that the money they had paid was awaiting them on the counter.

The girl was regarding them with a face in which scorn was struggling with an impulse to weep.

The Brooklyn men looked at her in amazement.

'You can't buy anything in this store,' she said. 'I won't sell to people who insult my queen.'

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the men from Brooklyn they could not have been more astonished.

The tall, handsome young Brooklyn official threw himself into the breach, as the judge was speechless with surprise.

'My dear young lady,' he said, 'we had no intention of insulting Queen Victoria, for whose lofty virtues we have the most profound respect. Why, we would as soon call our own President Ben and think nothing of it. My speech was a trifle careless, I admit, but at the same time there was no intention on my part either to insult or distress you.'

But the young Britisher broke down at this point and overflowed with tears. She pointed to the door and sobbed till an older woman entered and heard the cause of the disturbance. The ancient dame held up her hands to Heaven and shrieked with horror when she heard the nature of the insult that had been put upon her gracious majesty, the sovereign lady, Queen Victoria. The judge and the handsome young county official fled the scene, and as they went they heard the older woman saying: 'I did not believe there could be such wickedness.'"

The foregoing interesting narrative illustrates the intensity of British sentiment which prevails in Canada.

When you enter the borders of any city of the Dominion of Canada, the British Coat of Arms everywhere confronts you.

It is daubed on the ends and sides of the vehicle which conveys you to the hotel. It is stamped upon the stained glass of the hotel entrance. When the register is shoved toward the traveler, lo! the Lion and the Unicorn are rampant at the top of the page on which you inscribe your name and residence.

In the bedroom you will find a cake of soap with the Royal stamp on it, and a splasher on which are the outlines of Windsor Castle. When you go into the dining-hall, you pass through an entrance over which there are, in the

boldest relief, the animals that guard the motto of the empire, "Dieu et Mon Droit."

In short, you are haunted by the Lion and the Unicorn until your democratic soul gets tired, for you never lose sight of the emblems of royalty, from the hour you enter the Dominion until you leave it.

The walk, the talk, the dress and the drawl, are all in keeping with the manner of the dear old country.

Ever and anon you meet him of the slender, triangular chest, the rotund and haughty abdomen, and the broad, intellectual expanse of pelvic bone; proud, high-spirited, reeking with calm disdain, wearing checked pantaloons, and a soft, flabby tourist's hat with a bow at either end, probably in order that no matter how drunk he may be he cannot put it on his head wrong end foremost.

In Canada an office building is a chamber, a public building is a hall, a vehicle of any sort is a wagon, even though it be a sleigh.

The traveler in Canada, especially if he is from Chicago or New York, will do well to bear in mind one thing, namely, the different estimate put on time from that to which he is accustomed.

When you are told that an errand will be done in fifteen minutes, you may depend on it that it will be accomplished in about fifteen—hours. A Canadian is never in a hurry except when he is on a tobogganing slide, and then he can't help himself.

All the week long the Canadian looks longingly for Sunday, for then he has the law on his side for being lazy. He offers it as an excuse for not keeping an engagement, or for being late that it is not becoming to be businesslike on the Lord's day. There are no Sunday newspapers, no Sunday street cars, no Sunday business, recreations or amusements, so that the citizen has plenty of excuse for remaining indolently at home. Canada on Sunday is the paradise of the man who was born tired, as all Canadians are.

It is the Canadians' business in life to act in the present according to what has been done in the past. The only reason why they ever do anything is because some one else did the same thing in precisely the same way ages ago.

Their whole duty is to make sure that the dead shall rule the living.

If they discover anything new they forthwith put it into a little bottle and cork it up, not to prevent it getting out, but to prevent any other new thing getting in.

CHAPTER II.

Religious rule has made Sunday in Canada a terror to the poor, unless one happens to enjoy going to church, walking about the quiet streets, reading or sleeping. If one is poor, no opportunities for pleasure are had. If one is rich, however, he may drive about in a carriage; or if one is a guest at a hotel, he may order drinks to his room. Drinking behind the door is not forbidden. Not a store or shop of any kind is allowed to be open. Only one railroad train is allowed to pass through the Dominion. Not a postage stamp, or cigar, or glass of soda water can be bought. The post office doors are locked. Few persons are seen on the street, except in going to or from church. On Sunday a Canadian city appears deserted of inhabitants. One may stand on a street corner looking in four directions without seeing a living person or animal.

The land of John Knox has to take a back seat to Canada.

Even the water is turned off on Sundays and also on holidays.

Most persons disappear for the day, as in a shell, and as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. How they contrive to do it is a mystery.

This is considered, especially in Toronto, "the proper caper."

Many men there shut themselves up in their houses on Sunday all day long, and many of them allow no one to enter their houses on the Lord's day. If you pay them a visit on the Sabbath, though you be a friend or relative, the door will, in many cases, be shut in your face.

Toronto is intensely English. I have often heard it said that in England no one ventures to knock at his neigh-

bor's door after six o'clock in the evening unless he has been specially invited.

With all Canada's seeming Sunday goodness, however, Monday's disposal of cases at the police courts is the largest of the week.

Innocent amusements are a safeguard against hidden debauchery and black-bottle drunkenness. Compare the joyous Parisian Sunday with the drunken, crime-stained Sunday of London! Where Puritanical Sunday laws are enforced, Monday is the great day of the week in the police courts.

There are one hundred and four churches in Toronto, all untaxed. There are but one hundred and six churches in New York, with two million and a quarter inhabitants. Clergymen and lay churchmen rule Toronto, keeping it as lifeless as a log. There are thirteen wards in the city, every one of which is named after a saint. Happy is the traveler from the States, who can get away before the dismal Sabbath is over! In this regard the contrast between Canada and the States will be found delicious as against priest-ridden Canada.

Toronto has increased in population at the expense of the surrounding country. The population having deserted the smaller towns and villages in large numbers, some have found their way to Toronto, though many have gone to the States, and yet it is said that there are from six to seven thousand vacant houses in the city.

Toronto is largely Ontario—or, at least, the city is to a great extent made up of those the major part of whose lives have been spent in other parts of Ontario. It is not an exaggeration to say that of the two hundred thousand people who make up the total population of the Queen City fully one-half were ten years since living in the towns, villages and on the concession lines that go to make up the Province.

This great influx of population to Toronto may account for the expression often heard from retail dealers

that "business is very dull and money hard to get." "What is the cause of such a state of things?" a leading dealer was asked. His reply was: "There are far too many people in trade, and with competition keen and profits cut down so fine, it is with difficulty that they eke out a living. Just look at the number of small stores along King, Yonge and Queen streets, and Spadina avenue. The majority of them hardly make enough to pay rent. Why, bless you, just look at Buffalo and Detroit. Neither of them, and both are larger than Toronto, have a third of the number of stores that we have. We are a nation of small shop-keepers."

In Toronto there are thousands of these little 8 x 10 shops. There are barber shops, cigar stores, candy and peanut businesses, and thousands of little shops where stove blacking, shoe strings, suspenders and nutmeg graters are kept for sale. They extend for miles and miles. The proprietors of these places have rented them for long terms, the leases being made out for ten and fifteen years in some cases.

There is an immense number of these small shops, the proprietors of which scarcely make enough to keep body and soul together. They simply eke out an existence. No other city on the American continent has anything like the number of small shops that are found in Toronto.

The proprietors of most of these places have arrived at the height of their ambition. If they have not a great future before them, they have at least, a long lease. Many are satisfied to retire from business if they are ever fortunate enough to accumulate $5,000.

Canadians are not so agreeable among themselves as to make one care to work for another if one can eke out a living in any other way. This may, perhaps, account to some extent, for the immense number of small shops.

Hundreds of these small shops do not make in clear profits more than $3.00 or $4.00 a week in a legitimate way; but in many of them there is some secret business in

the background. In a large number of them whisky is sold on the sly, or there is a "quiet game of cards."

A well known temperance lecturer in Toronto has become quite wealthy out of a small cigar shop that never earned over $5.00 a week from the sale of cigars.

The fact that so many business men are doing something on the sly may account in some degree, for the suspicion which prevails on every hand.

It appears as if almost every one is doing something which he wishes to conceal.

There are thousands of businesses a little off the old, beaten track, that are carried on in the States, but that are altogether unknown in Canada. To run a business there of this kind one would take the chances of being considered a lunatic who does not do things like other people.

Those Canadians who have gone to the States to develop their energies (the flower of the population) are not, as a rule, exactly the same class who have remained at home. The statement is often made in Canada that those who have gone to the States to seek employment are preferred to Americans, and, with regard to certain employments this is, perhaps, correct. For example, the average Canadian would make a first-class sheriff, detective, or hangman.

The average Canadian is not an over ambitious person. He has a habit of pettifogging that causes him to consume a whole week over one day's work. A Canadian who could go to the States and engage in trade, using the same methods that are so largely in vogue in Toronto, would remain in business but a very short time, to say the least. There are thousands of Englishmen living in Canada who could not make a living in the States, owing to their peculiar English talent of always making themselves disagreeable. Hundreds of them have tried it and failed, returning again to Canada to live. This is the kind of population that Canada *has not lost.*

Canada is unsuccessful in a commercial and social sense, for various reasons.

A greater number of farmers, and less restrictions on those holding and those about to take up land is a desideratum.

Too many people live on the labor of others, giving nothing in return for it.

The emigration of the better class of Canadians is caused partly by the business men not giving them sufficient encouragement, nor showing a proper appreciation of their abilities.

Then, too, Canadians are plagued with priestcraft and with a false loyalty to the "Mother Country," to the detriment of Canada.

Canada is in a bad plight. I mean the mass of workers or those who are willing to work.

The remedy that would relieve Canada of its ills, from a commercial point of view, would be commercial union with the United States.

In many cases one load of farm produce is worth from $50 to $100 less in Ontario than in Michigan or Ohio. If we impoverish the natural industries above-named, all classes of business dependent upon them must become impoverished as well. Those industries are the life-blood of the nation, and when that blood becomes poor the body which it sustains must become weak. In almost every particular the natural industries of the States are much healthier than in Canada. Consequently the active and ambitious young men go to the States and leave the croakers and old fogies at home to subsist on the "old flag," which will neither feed nor clothe a workingman or anyone else but an office-holder.

One year ago the first Continental Union Club organized in Canada issued a leaflet containing the following, in dealing with the census returns: "True, Toronto has increased in population during the past ten years very rapidly, but it has grown at the expense of other cities and

towns. It has now absorbed everything the rest of the Province had to yield, and with the population of the Province outside of Toronto at a standstill Toronto can grow no larger, but, on the contrary, may expect to decrease in population."

That was not a baseless prophecy. It was as demonstrable as a proposition in Euclid. Toronto will continue to decrease until the hemorrhage of her best blood shall be stopped by commercial and political union with the United States.

Canada is more intensely loyal to the "dear old country" than any of the British possessions. And this is not to be wondered at when one takes into consideration the fact that the native-born young Canadian leaves for the States and, as I said before, leaves the old men behind to subsist on the "old flag."

Criminal slowness, criminal laziness and criminal stupidity are causing the ruin of Canada. The stupidity of the Canadians is monumental. Common sense is wanting. They ignore the plainest teaching of economics, treat industry as a crime to be suppressed by taxes, stop exchanges, and declare that if the people were free they would commit commercial suicide.

Such is a slight category of their political sins.

As to annexation: It will be a humiliating spectacle to see Canada going on her knees and saying to the United States, "If you please, I have been trying hard to keep my head above water, but I must give up the attempt; kindly lend me a helping hand."

The annexation of Canada to the United States will be a public confession of the fact that Canadians are not sufficiently intelligent, industrious and enterprising to carry on the work of a nation; that they do not possess the qualities which have made the United States what they are, but that like the Indian and the negro they have been borne down and swamped by the greater energy and higher civilization of a superior people. And yet Canada

will probably be forced into annexation by the logic of events.

The Toronto *World* recently announced that any agitation of the subject in Canada, any talk of annexation, will be treated as disloyalty and treason and bring on civil war! That was the tone that the representatives of the British crown and connection took some hundred years or more ago in the United States. It worked disastrously. Haven't they learned anything in a hundred years? The advocates of annexation will probably retort in the memorable words of the great revolutionary orator, "If this be treason make the most of it."

Before the world the comparison is always inevitable between the retardation within the northern and greater half of the continent, isolated by its British connection, and the progress of the southern half, freed from that connection, wherein a material wealth has been created at which all the world wonders.

Compelled, as Canada is, to confine her trade to the products of narrow latitudes, everywhere the same, or with Great Britain, three thousand miles away, she is growing so slowly as to excite surprise and apprehension; while within actual sight a commerce exists, the greatest on earth, in which she has neither part nor lot.

This commerce breaks like a huge wave along a border line of unparalleled length, and rolls back upon itself the literal example of which is found in the shipping of the Detroit river, flowing in front of a small portion of Canada, bearing upon its bosom a tonnage exceeding that of London and Liverpool combined, in which Canada has hardly a dollar's interest.

A late government official, who was removed from office for an alleged disloyal speech, averred that the whole Province of Ontario was declining under the prevailing governmental policy, and said that the steady drain in population caused by emigration to the United States was something that no country could stand. He said that the

only work done by the American Consul at Toronto was the forwarding across the border of Canadians desiring to settle in the United States.

Discussions in the newspapers of Toronto are going on continually, and the question: "What is wrong with Canada?" frequently comes up for debate. Whenever one attempts to answer the question, and writes in an impartial way, his letter is followed by columns upon columns of abuse of Americans and everything American. This will continue for days and weeks until one wonders how this abuse of the United States is ever going to help Canada. These papers are dripping with malice and spleen.

Nothing more rancorous and venomous can be conceived than the articles which, like poison-drops, fall from the pens of these writers. They are not consumed by Swift's fierce indignation. They are simply soured with the world, like Freeman, the historian.

Considering the fact that a large percentage of the population now living in Toronto are largely dependent upon American brains and enterprise for their very existence, one is obliged to conclude that such bitterness shows a deplorable lack of common sense. And the fact that the majority have no comprehension of the situation, adds to it an utterly helpless feature. But what good can it do, to argue with a mere lump of selfish egotism?

The foreigner is obliged to laugh and weep alternately at these legitimate blossoms of the tree of ignorance. Sense in Canada makes people awfully uncomfortable.

The following is from a recent copy of the Toronto Daily *Telegram*. The papers here are filled with talk of this kind:

"TORONTO IS THE TOWN.

People who travel near or far, short or long, come home persuaded that there is no country like Canada, no town like Toronto.

Crowds of fellow-countrymen are a delight to eyes wearied with sights of foreign scenes. As to quantity, of

course, the crowds here are small. As to quality returned pilgrims declare that no other city on earth can produce crowds equal in average excellence to those that a fire or a runaway brings out in Toronto."

Among the many similar questions that appear daily in the Toronto papers the following is one from the *Daily News*, of September 29th, 1892, under the heading of "Answers to Letters:"

"Editor *News*: A bets B that New York City is not in the United States. B bets it is. Who wins?

B wins."

Toronto is the smartest city in Canada—more like a United States city than any other in the Dominion—and yet in everything the people appear to be about fifty years behind the times. It is no wonder. One hundred and four churches! and all pulling backward. There are many things to be complained of in the States, but as compared with Canada the Yankees have much to be thankful for, and especially that they are not so priest-ridden.

CHAPTER III.

It is wicked to work on Sunday in Canada, even in one's own store or office, with closed doors, as witness the following clipped from the Toronto *Daily News*:

"Louis Goldsmith, a cigar manufacturer, was fined $5 and costs or thirty days for permitting his employees to work on Sunday. Goldsmith defended himself by stating that his employees were Jews, who did not work on Saturday, and could not make enough by working five days a week to keep them. Henry Cohen, a tailor, was fined $1 and costs for the same offence. He pleaded that he had a great deal of work on hand, but the excuse was not considered sufficient by the Magistrate, and Cohen had to pay."

One of the curious things about these Sunday observance people is that no preacher has ever yet been known to refuse a reporter the use of his manuscript Sunday afternoon in order that his sermon might be put in type Sunday night, and appear in Monday morning's paper. It seems to be all theory with them, and they want other people to attend to the practice. They are quite willing that shippers should lose thousands of dollars by the stoppage of trains on Sunday, but they are not as willing to have the papers neglect their sermons.

Toronto is a beautiful city, but it is dreadfully religious. The region round about it is beautiful enough by nature. It is one of those regions where every prospect pleases, but men have not changed much in fifty years. Almost every fine building site in the city has a church on it. All this property is untaxed, and when the ground becomes very valuable the church is sold and the congregation remove to another fine corner lot. No city

of this size in America has as many fine church buildings. The church prospers.

Canada is a crystallized institution, it is averse to change of any kind. Change means thought, and it is a bother to think. Canada fears a change more than the devil hates holy water. Their motto is: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

One can get plenty of sleep there.

Sometimes the restaurants are open on week days at eight o'clock in the morning, and sometimes not till nine.

Many of them are closed on Sundays and holidays. There are one or two restaurants in Canada which have become comparatively comfortable during the past few years, owing to their adoption of modern ways and improvements. In the others one usually finds no table cloth, and eats from a greasy board.

The waiter has a tired, bored look. If you should venture to demand a napkin or a glass of water, there will be a fight. One might as well attempt to bring back the dead, or move the Rocky Mountains, as to obtain such luxuries in the average Canadian eating-house.

They cannot see why they should be obliged to bring you a glass of water. There is no money in it for them, unless they can make you pay extra for it.

When you are through with your meal you chase about for the waiter in order to get your check. He has remarkable ability for giving you the wrong change, which, strange as it may seem, and stupidly enough, is invariably at the proprietor's expense.

After placing the meal, such as it is, where it will do the most harm, you are, in many cases, held a prisoner until the waiter is found.

After I have counted my change I have often found that I have gotten my meal for nothing and also been paid for eating it.

No employee appears to take interest in his work ; nor does he, as a rule, show the least consideration for his employer's interest.

If you order a steak well done no attention will be paid to the request. It is invariably treated with indifference. Ten to one you will get exactly that which you do not want, providing it should happen to be a little less trouble for the waiter to serve it in that way. Many waiters cannot be successfully asked to do a thing. They must be driven. If you tell them that the article served is not what you ordered, not the slightest attention will be paid to you. In many cases you will be treated with the utmost indifference, if not with contempt.

Sometimes you will be obliged to sit and wait for an hour (more or less) for something to eat, without anyone attempting to move or to serve you. This frequently occurs, even when besides yourself, there is not a solitary customer in sight, and a half dozen idle waiters are standing around, who gape at you with open mouths. Customers will frequently come in and walk out again, and these "bored" people will not offer to move an inch.

In many cases after you have once given your order they will come back three or four times and ask you what it was you wanted.

Max O'Rell says : "They are less impressionable than ourselves." I think so too. There is a reason for all things.

Speaking of that "glass of water" which is so difficult to get in Canada. I have thoroughly tested it as a bracer the first thing in the morning, and I heartily recommend it to every man who stays out with the boys o' nights, and dallies with the rosy until his head whirls around, his legs get weak and his stomach revolts. When you wake up the next morning with a throbbing head and excited nerves I advise you to have a lemonade glass full of cold water instead of a cocktail. Sip the water slowly—an hour is not too long to devote to it—and you will be astonished at the

wonderfully bracing effect it has upon you. The cold water, sipped slowly, tends to contract the arteries and thus force a rush of blood to the head. A vigorous circulation is thereby set up, and in a little while the last remnant of the night's "jag" is driven out of the system.

I have given the same order at one restaurant for three or four consecutive months, and the amount of my check was never the same two days in succession.

These Canadian waiters are certainly the most worthless, trifling, half-asleep combination of Senegambian stupidity and poor white-trash indolence and awkwardness that I ever saw.

In the city of Hamilton, Ont., a place of 50,000 inhabitants, I found in some eating places (oh! shades of past ages) that they had neither table cloth, knives, forks or plates, and the bread was dished up in a small greasy basket. It was Sunday, and only one or two restaurants were open. Hamilton is called (in Canada) the "Ambitious City."

I had a steam heater in my office in Toronto. Sometimes the heat was on at nine o'clock in the morning and sometimes at noon. It was turned off at three or six in the afternoon, and altogether on Sundays and numerous holidays, and always at twelve o'clock on Saturday, and on many days in winter there was no heat at all. Those having offices in the building often worked over their books in cold weather with their overcoats on.

The halls are not heated. I was obliged to keep my office door closed in order to keep out the cold from the halls and conserve what little heat was thrown out from my radiator.

The halls are never lighted, so that after five o'clock on winter afternoons one finds himself stumbling through them in total darkness.

The reason for this state of things is that cold and darkness are less expensive than warmth and light.

The elevator was run to suit the pleasure or convenience of the janitor. In the few buildings there which are supposed to be warmed in winter by steam, the heat is turned on semi-occasionally. During the month of March there is no heat at all, for the reason that the "wind never blows in the right direction."

In order to save a trifling amount and economize in coal an effort is made to heat business blocks containing fifty or sixty rooms with one small boiler that will scarcely warm a four-room house, and sometimes the heat is not turned on until two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

The lumps of coal are counted. When it becomes too cold the occupants of these buildings close up and go home.

The Canadian people are not stirred up to anything like an American degree of enterprise in anything, and the sole ambition is to change not. If you suggest improvement in any way, you will be sneered at, and looked upon with suspicion. Men having offices in the city get down to business at nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and many of them close up at three or four in the afternoon. If you have any business to transact with them you will need a search warrant. They will lead you a mighty exciting race. What is most surprising is their ability to be here, there and nowhere at the same time. Report fixes them at a certain place, and thither you go, only to find that they are not there and that they were not there.

If you should succeed in locating one of them you may depend upon it that he will tell you that he is very busy, and that you must call again, even though he may have nothing whatever to do, and you will be fortunate indeed if you do not have to chase him around for a week before you can do any business with him.

You must not be in a hurry in Canada.

You may be willing and eager to work or trade, but, really, you are tied up in a double bow knot. Industry appears to be discouraged by some as a criminal offence.

I cannot describe as it deserves, this churlishness, this hopeless shiftlessness, this masterly inactivity of the average Canadian. It makes him stupid.

I engaged a young man in Toronto to do a little writing and to read and correct some printer's proofs. I tried half a dozen, but the majority of them did not understand words of more than one syllable.

I gave a key to my office to one of these young men, and when I would get down in the morning *after nine o'clock*, the door would be still locked. He requested that I give him two hours' time for dinner and I did not refuse. I am a very easy man to get along with ; and besides it made little difference to me whether he was what he called working or not.

On Saturday offices close at twelve o'clock.

Max O'Rell says :—"There are no children in the United States."

A few years' residence in Canada has enabled me to understand what he meant by that.

As I said before, most people in Canada have a great habit of pretending that they are busy when they are really disengaged, and when they have nothing whatever to do. They will jump around in a circle, chase around like a hen with its head cut off, or make motions with their hands, behind a counter, for instance, when they are doing absolutely nothing at all.

This is a habit as common with the employer as with the employed.

If you make any remarks they will give you a bored look, and tell you in their churlish way that they are busy.

Although my office was within two blocks of the Post Office, the first mail in the day was not delivered until nine o'clock during the week. No mail matter is allowed to be taken out of the Post Office, even if called for, on the Sabbath day.

As a rule, any energetic new-comer who wishes to engage in any live business other than a candy store or

barber shop may be said to be "fenced in" and doomed in advance.

In many places of business, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock there is no one in charge to attend to you. The proprietor and his employees are all away and the establishment is deserted.

The Post Office closes at seven o'clock P. M. on week days, and altogether on Sundays.

No postage stamps are allowed to be sold at drug stores or other places for the accommodation of the public, except at certain hours during the week.

Only a limited number of persons are authorized by the Government to sell them.

It takes the stranger in Toronto all of Monday and Tuesday to get over the effects of the gloomy Sabbath. On Monday morning one feels somewhat drowsy, as if one were just getting over the effects of a prolonged drunk. Ironclad rules are laid down for the observance of the Sabbath in Toronto. To pass a Sunday there is like crawling into one's grave for the space of a day. But while the ordinary citizen has to keep quiet and orderly all through that long day, the religious crank is allowed to howl and bellow along the streets, pound drums, blow horns, and, in fact, kick up any kind of row he likes, in the name of religion.

Bill Nye, the philosopher, speaking of the Salvation Army and its efforts to down Satan, says : "When they know the great adversary of souls as well as I do, they will not try to scare him with a cross-eyed woman or drive him and his host by beating a tambourine, and the landlord. Humanity, charity, soft soap, and unselfishness will do more toward giving Satan 'that tired feeling' than all the loud and onion-flavored hosannas of misguided men and bleating women who seek to harass the hosts of hell with a bass drum, while their own children with empty stomachs and unlaundried noses, weep at home."

The Toronto *Saturday Night* says :

"As it seems to a bystander, so it must seem to every outsider; so our policy must impress everyone who might possibly be induced to become an immigrant. Where is there anything but our rich public lands that beckons the stranger to make his home with us? It is true we shut up our taverns at seven o'clock on Saturday, permit no Sunday street cars or newspapers or ungodly things until the Monday morning sun sanctifies a renewal of licensed ungodliness, but is this attracting population or gathering business or promoting goodness? We may very reasonably ask if anything is being accomplished by this sort of thing except the exclusion of people who want to mind their own business and are unprepared to have their business minded for them by the churches."

"George Brown is dead; Alexander McKenzie is dead; Edward Blake has forsworn his country and become an Irishman; Sir Richard Cartright has forsworn his country and become a Yankee; Monsieur Laurier has identified himself with Monsieur Mercier, and jointly they have rented rooms in the realm of Nowhere; Premier Abbott is an invalid who doesn't know whether he should remain in power or not; Sir John Thompson is the apostle of goodness who appears not to know whether it really pays to be good or bad; Sir Caron is rusticating while his political small-pox peels off; Mr. Chapleau is getting his hair curled and his voice rested after campaigns which mean disruption to Canada if they mean anything. So we might go through the whole list of political personages, political things, political nobodies. In this way we might enumerate with tiresome iteration the miserable factionists, the petty personages who occupy the public mind as far as it is occupied. But let me ask again, who is the man? Who is *THE* Canadian? Who is likely to lead us to something better? Who is likely to unite in his grand personality the ambitions of this people? Our rulers have succeeded in nothing except increasing the public debt. We have not the editor or publicist who is

making the great clamor for principle that George Brown once did ; we lack Sir John, the man who led us even though we knew not whither ; we have nothing but a petty Opposition and quite as petty a Government which says, 'We are here to draw a salary ;' WE HAVE NO IMPULSES ; we belong to every section and subscribe to every religion, and our only object is to conciliate the country, province by province, so that we may maintain a government which was left to us by Sir John and which has no meaning to us except as a source of honor an emolument."

In proportion to population it costs Canadians more to keep themselves governed than any other people in the world. It must be confessed, however, that they get a great deal of governing for the money they spend. That Canadians are not at all stingy in the matter of the establishment of their Governor-General, which is kept up at the public expense, is shown be the expenditures for this purpose the past year, [1892]. The salary of the Governor-General is $50,000 per year. Besides this is the expense of his living. Last year's items included $2,600 for new dishes ; the payment of fifteen persons regularly employed to keep the official residence and grounds, and the payment of $2,900 to other persons for the same purpose ; $8,000 for fuel and lights and $834 for repairing stoves.

There are liars and thieves, and traitors ; there are cowards and backbiters, and scandal-mongers ; but the worst product of flesh and blood is the lazy man. His case is hopeless. Let him alone and he will rust away. Other men may reform, but the lazy man is of as little use in the world as a fifth wheel on a tally-ho.

What Canada needs most is men and women with better hearts and broader sympathies for mankind. Their intellectual growth may be all right. But it is a growth in decency and humanity that is needed.

CHAPTER IV.

Confidence between men is one of the necessary adjuncts to success in business. "Confidence is the eloquence of success," but it is a thing unknown in Canada. Suspicion prevails. It is the rule. Every one is under the ban. The innocent are forced to suffer with the guilty. Suspicion is in the air. It is a canker which eats its way into both public and private life. It corrodes not only the suspected, but the suspicious. It is born of dishonesty. Everywhere is intrigue and "cunning," pluck and grab on a small scale. The Canadians have a love of pettifogging. It is in the Norman blood.

If you gain the confidence of a man in Canada it will be a feat that will only be accomplished after a term of years.

When you have bought all you require in a shop, you place your piece of silver on the counter. The shopkeeper takes it up, sounds it on a metal plate to be sure that it is good, and hands you your change.

You, on your part, try all the silver he gives you. "You took me for a rogue. I take you for another. We are quits. I forgive you."

Under the present system of education the shopkeeping class is not likely to improve.

At one of the stores, when making a small purchase of ten or twenty-five cents, you are charged one cent for breaking a dollar bill and five cents for changing a five-dollar bill.

Canada is the land of small men and small things.

Mistakes in Toronto, as a rule, are seldom rectified. Losses are seldom made good. Self-assertive, self-conceited, stubborn as a bull dog, obstinate as a mule, is the

Canadian. This is especially true should the man with whom you are dealing happen to be a *Scotch-Canadian.*

This is where the trouble lies when one attempts to do business in Canada or wishes to get any kind of *modern* work done.

In the United States many men find an active business life a pleasure. It has a positive fascination for them. But in Canada it is necessarily a "bore," as I shall demonstrate further on.

One might as well attempt to fight the devil in hell as to get any kind of work done in Canada pertaining to any business that is a little off the old beaten track.

I don't know that the average Canadian would literally rather take you up on the roof to swindle you out of five cents than to make a dollar honestly on the ground floor, but it is a good deal that way.

They may have had considerable of this sort of thing in the States twenty-five or thirty years ago when Mr. Anthony Trollope paid us a visit, but it is certainly not so at the present day. Perhaps, however, the tremendous influx of Germans to our shores has had something to do with altering this state of affairs. At any rate it is fair to say that representatives of that nationality, in some respects, are the backbone of America.

Most lazy people are dishonest. Liberality and enterprise go hand in hand with fair dealing.

Men in Canada do not take that interest in their business that is so necessary in order to win success and to enable them to turn out first-class and artistic work. Life is a "bore" to them. They take almost as little interest in their business as they do in their fellow men. No one appears to go at anything with their whole heart and soul and with that intense energy and earnestness so characteristic of the people of the United States.

Canadians are always digging a hole for others into which they invariably fall themselves.

They will make an agreement to do a certain thing for a stipulated sum, and after you have deposited a part of the amount as a guarantee of good faith, you are informed later on that the price, as first stated, was a mistake. Then you are compelled to pay so much more, which may be, in many cases, double the amount originally agreed upon.

I have made many agreements, contracts with business men to do certain lines of work, and, though even put in writing, the contract was in every case repudiated. In fact I finally gave up all hope (after two years' effort) of ever being able to get any kind of *modern* work turned out, or of carrying on any kind of legitimate business that happened to be a little off the old beaten track.

The things that some men do in Canada in order to be successful in business would make the average pickpocket blush with envy.

These people will humbug you so often, that, in the process, they will finish by humbugging themselves, and by-and-by believe it is all true.

And yet they are sometimes good-hearted. Some of them are not hypocrites. They simply follow the beaten track. Some of them have traveled; that is, they have been away from Canada long enough to get a little healing in their hearts.

Show me the man who has lived all his life in Canada and I will show you a pig.

There is no element of companionship in him.

Toronto is intensely English.

A business man in Toronto will not, as a rule, allow a customer of his to make friends with him, or become intimate with him, for fear of being victimized. He thinks he is obliged to be cautious to prevent being imposed upon. This is the rule.

The customer may ask for twenty-five cents credit, (which is sometimes granted) but the result is, in such cases, that the small shop keeper has lost his trade.

"Familiarity breeds contempt." Nowhere else can this old saying be more truthfully applied.

Kindliness in Canada is rewarded as a weakness to be avoided.

If you engage in business there you must abide by the customs of the country.

Who is that melancholy man who never smiles? He looks dull. He will not join you in conversation. You would think he had on his shoulders the responsibility of the management of the Bank of England. He is not brilliant, but steady-going. He never smiles. He is what is called in Canada a "respectable person." He does not leave dirty water in the dish after he has washed in the morning.

In Canada no one has any change.

If you wish to pay out forty or fifty cents, and present a one or a five-dollar bill in payment, you will be told, four times out of five, that they have "no change." You rush around for change, and the result is, if you have two or three errands to attend to, that should not occupy more than an hour's time, you will be fortunate, indeed, if you are not obliged to consume an entire day.

Whenever you make an effort to do any kind of legitimate business you will always find a thousand drawbacks; something to block the way and consume all of your time.

I relate the following, as one instance among thousands in which mistakes are never rectified or losses of any kind, large or small, made good:

A stranger in Toronto purchased six new white unlaundried shirts during my stay there, and took them to a laundry. Although they were entirely new, having never been washed, they were, when taken out, torn to shreds.

The laundry people, judging from their actions, evidently were highly pleased. They appeared to chuckle with delight at what, so it seemed, appeared to them as a huge joke. They expressed the greatest joy at the

stranger's discomfiture, and showered upon him the customary amount of abuse, meanwhile congratulating themselves on having succeeded in giving everybody concerned as much trouble as possible.

When the owner of the shirts remonstrated, he was ordered to leave the laundry.

All this was truly English.

I, myself, have had innumerable experiences of a similar kind.

When you have once placed confidence in these people and they have you fully in their power, and at a fearful disadvantage; and when you are in the most painful position, they will dance with glee over the misery they have caused you. You will find, alas, that you are dealing with the same characteristic, low-lived blackguards with which Great Britain abounds.

If you receive a package through the Custom House in some Canadian towns, on which the duty may be, say, $1.00, you are frequently charged $1.10, and in that case the official will enter $1.00 on the books, and put the ten cents in his pocket. Sometimes it is five, sometimes ten, cents.

I have noticed instances of this pluck and grab petty larceny system, times without number.

It is sickening.

One need not be afraid of being troubled much with such men in the United States. If an American wishes to swindle you, he will make the amount large enough to be worth his while. A ten-cent deal is no more in his line than a small anything else.

It is not business.

An American would be honest or dishonest from *policy*. As I said before:—"Liberality and enterprise" go hand in hand with fair dealing.

There are many swindlers in the United States, but they will not try to impose upon one at every opportunity for the petty sum of five or ten cents. They are after

larger game; and it is well that it is so. It is a decided improvement over the Canadian pettifogging.

Those who bestow too much application to trifling things become generally incapable of great ones. All the mental activity with which they have been endowed becomes paralyzed by a lifelong attention to small things. They lose their intellectual muscle, just as a giant would lose his strength by continually handling a baby's playthings and doing nothing else. They are simply grown-up infants, with no mother to keep them out of small mischiefs.

There is nothing more delightful and fascinating in all nature than a little boy, unless it is a little girl. But a person who remains a little boy after he becomes a legalized voter and a citizen is very pitiful, as all cases of arrested development are.

CHAPTER V.

That is a queer way of making money which is pursued in a large Canadian town by an individual who does an extensive trade in rotten eggs.

He has a regular circuit among the better class of provision dealers, and buys up all the bad and doubtful eggs, which he obtains for next to nothing. With a good cartful of these he proceeds to the poorest quarters, and among the small, and less respectable section of shopkeepers, he generally finds customers, selling the rotten eggs for mixing with good ones.

He does a big trade. Large quantities of eggs pass through his hands, and he is reported to have made a "pot of money."

This enterprising citizen has a great future before him.

I should not be surprised to learn that he was a Scotchman.

The frequently recurring thefts by postmen in Toronto and other cities of the Dominion should arouse not only the business men but the whole public to demand that these public servants be paid a respectable salary.

These men are in a position where they are constantly handling money and valuables and are given a salary scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together.

They pay laborers more for digging a drain than the postmen get the first five years, and yet they will not trust a laborer with a spade. He must furnish his own.

In the States, letter carriers start with $600, and in three years get a maximum of $1,000, and if they have to work over eight hours a day they get extra pay. In Canada, for the same work, a postman starts at $360, and

it takes him nine years to reach $600, and $12 of that kept back.

If you enter an establishment in Canada where many persons are employed, and want to see anyone there privately on a matter of business, one will surely tell the other, and this will generally start them all to running in various directions, all alive with curiosity, and in a minute or two you are surrounded by the whole crowd, eager to ascertain your business, and to listen attentively to everything you have to say. After you have told the person indicated your *whole business*, you are cooly informed that he is not the man you enquired for. You are then referred to the person you called to see, and have to tell your story all over again, if your indignation does not choke you.

Everything must be put in writing. A bill is made out for every twenty-five cent transaction.

The office buildings in Toronto contain immense vaults, as large as ordinary small bedrooms, in which these pieces of paper are all stored up and filed away for years. There are more bill heads used there, five—if not ten—times over than in any United States city of double the size and population.

I paid a bill to a business man in that city amounting to $10.00 a second time by some mistake, and after convincing him that it had been paid once the week before, I asked for the return of the amount overpaid, but as the man was a Scotchman it is unnecessary to state that the money was not refunded.

Some men are so greedy that they do not see how, in many cases, they hit themselves in the face.

It would seem as if some of these people were not on the lookout a great deal for permanent trade, but far more anxious to catch a "sucker." At least there is not that effort made to please that would be likely to induce one to come again.

In low cunning let no man hope to cope successfully with the Scotch-Canadian on his own dunghill.

Everything is a swindle on a very small scale.

The Toronto *Daily News* says: "There are scores of complaints reaching this office in regard to the malicious destruction of property. Houses cannot be left vacant a day without the glass being broken. At the end of a month the doors are smashed in. Inside of six months the stairs begin to move off; and the owner of the building is in luck if even the walls are standing at the end of a year."

Everything is a symbol of dishonesty and meanness. Go aboard of a street car and observe how the fares are collected.

The Conductor has a small box with a glass front strapped around his neck, he is not allowed to handle the amount of the fare; in the box which is strapped around his neck, you will find a slot into which you place the *exact fare.*

If you have a shirt made to order for which the price agreed upon is fixed at $2, you will be charged, when you call for it, so much extra for thread, so much extra for buttons and sometimes half a dozen other items for which extra charges are made.

The men and their work may be small, but the bills will be large.

If you order a pair of shoes, the price of which is $5, you will be charged five cents extra for the shoe strings, etc. If you order a ten-dollar pair of button gaiters, you will be charged five cents extra for a button hook.

If you buy a dress for your wife, the price of which is fully agreed upon at the start, you are asked to pay for extra items that may amount to more than double the original agreement. And furthermore the plans and specifications are generally, in point of morality, precisely on a par with the plans and specifications which men might prepare in view of committing a burglary.

The perceptions of the Canadians are not keen enough to see a word or deed from an impartial point of view.

They are so busy with their own affairs, so wrapped up in their own little destiny, that they invariably go along rough-shod over anything or any person that checks their pace, always careless of another's share in the daily doings. They are invariably self-assertive and imagine every one else equally able to maintain himself. They are surprised to find themselves charged with indifference and selfishness, and to see another indignant at their self-centred course; or else they are ignorant of the tender spot, the sensitive nerve, in their neighbor's more high-strung nature while they press clumsily the place they should avoid.

These people are but little known in the United States, although they are near neighbors and speak the same tongue.

They make more ado over a mere bagatelle than some men would over a transaction involving millions. A mere tinkering job at a small shop that should be accomplished in two minutes' time, at an expense of five cents, and of so trifling a nature that no charge would be made therefor in the States, is allowed to consume two or three hours' time and attention, and then you are charged accordingly, and the bill may be a dollar, or more. As they have no tact, I suppose they think they must make up for the lack of it by brutal plunder.

I purchased a sixty-pound font of Pearl type in Toronto for $40. The type was delivered to me in a small pine box about ten inches long. A day or two later I received a bill, with several items of extra expense, amounting in all to seventy-five cents, and including ten cents for the box the type came in; and also another item of one cent, the cost of a postal card sent me in which I was notified that the goods were ready for delivery.

I have known a Canadian to take a year's time to do one week's work, and when completed the job was so poorly done that it was worthless, and after you have figured it all up you find, alas, that you have paid out in the mean-

time about five or ten times more money than you agreed to at the start.

Notable among the characters of the present day is the man with a reputation for shrewdness, the sole master of whose thoughts, habits, and methods is self-interest. He has ceased to feed on illusions or indulge in fantastic dreams. He is always cautious, discreet, reserved, placing himself in the relation of an interrogation point to all statements of truth and disinterestedness. He never allows himself to be humbugged; never allows any impulse, passion, emotion, to get the better of him which could interfere with self-interest, or what he conceives to be such. Not only does such a man usually fall a victim to a sort of dry rot, but when he doesn't scruple to sacrifice, if need be, anybody or anything that stands in the way of his advantage—priding himself on the adroitness with which he does it—he is almost certain to overlook some simple facts and to commit some signal mistake that shall teach him that in his subtle wisdom is subtle folly.

Such a man is the average Canadian.

The greedy man usually loses the genial relationships, the poetry, the humor, the little uncalculated pleasures which he might find in the present and which are, perhaps, the best things one gets in life.

Conspicuous among the self-made fools of to-day is the greedy man, who pays too much for a very small amount of money. It is apparently undeniable that the average man would prefer to be termed a knave than a fool. To be a rascal supposes capacity of some kind and insures one's name being written in italics—so to speak.

Some men go through life cherishing "impossible ideals." However often deceived, they prefer to credit others with honorable motives rather than base ones. They decline to seize an advantage which would involve the ruin of a fellow being. They prefer, perhaps, to leave a great wrong done them to time, the great avenger, rather than to bitterly seek to get even with the offender. These men

seldom make a resounding success in the financial world, but, to their eccentric minds there are things of more interest and value than large money—good as it is. It is not what a man has, or even what he does, or the position he holds in society, but what he *is*, that makes him interesting to them. We might well hope that each generation may be blest with a contingent of these impracticable fools.

The *Philadelphia Times* has the following :

"When the printers dropped the *u* in honour for the sake of the business office, I wonder if for the sake of business the sentiment of honour wasn't lost also? I had always had an innocent belief in the honour of business ; but within the last few months I have come to the conclusion that the word isn't on the ledger. I have heard all my life that certain business relations were supposed to be confidential. To my regret, I find that I am mistaken. Now, I had an idea that if any one had extensive dealings with a bank, that they were by the bank considered more or less confidential. Didn't you? Not long ago a woman went into a telegraph office, and the manager said to her : 'I hope you were as fortunate as your sister in having $10,000 deposited to your credit to-day.' The woman looked at him in amazement and said : 'Are you sure of this?' 'Yes,' he said ; 'I heard it from one of the men in the bank.' Now, that money had been put in by a father to help out a daughter who had made a poor marriage ; he didn't want any of the rest of the family to know about it, and yet here it was public property, told to them, and, of course, it caused a family row. Do you call that honor in business?

You go to your lawyer with something that you don't care to discuss before everybody—some troublesome piece of business, something that you want righted—and you tell him just what the trouble is. He urges you to be confidential. Being a woman you are, and you make him thoroughly understand all the little ins and outs, all the

meannesses that have been commited against you, and just how you stand ; you tell him of your money affairs, what you can and cannot do ; and then, if there is some little household trouble, it is more than likely you tell him of it. You feel it is almost like talking to a doctor or a priest. A month afterwards you meet one of your friends, and she says, 'Oh ! I have engaged Cut Diamond to take care of my lawsuits, and he has told me all about yours, and how well he managed it.' And then you discover that not only has your good lawyer confided to her all the facts of the lawsuit, but she is also mistress of the little confidences that you gave him when you were in trouble. Is this even honor among thieves ? I was curious, so I asked a lawyer about it, and he said : 'Well, a lawyer is not bound to secrecy after a case is over. Of course, a gentleman wouldn't tell a case and tell the names, but still he is not bound like either a doctor or a priest.' Funny world this, where an oath is a necessity to make a business man honorable."

The writer of the foregoing must have had some experience in Canada.

"The average man is dishonest," said a prominent New York merchant to a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. The merchant is a member of the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade, and the president of another commercial association. "I do not mean to say," he added, "that every man is dishonest ; far from it ; but I do say that the average man, and the average woman, for that matter, will steal if he or she gets a chance, and I base this opinion upon my own experience and observation in business. During the past ten years thirty-six of my own employees have stolen from me in amounts ranging from a few dollars to $5,000. A recent case was that of a $35-a-week clerk who defaulted for less than a thousand dollars. Now, what do you think of that record ? Thirty-six discovered cases of theft among my own employees in ten years." In answer to a question the merchant admitted

that he had not put one of the defaulters in prison. The tears of wives and mothers and sisters had moved him to mercy, and he had simply let the delinquent clerks go.

One would think that this man, also, knew something of life in Canada.

Nearly one-half of the population of Toronto are Scotch. Persons of that nationality have the reputation of keeping the Sabbath, and everything else that they can lay their hands on.

The Scotch-Canadian would accept this as a compliment. In his eyes, cunning is something to be admired. There is a sub-section of the brain called cunning. It is the lowest, basest part of the intellect. It is the trait of monkeys, foxes, rats and other vermin.

Cunning is one of the necessary traits of the successful politician. An honest politician is about as impossible as two mountains without a valley. The Scotchman is the best politician in the world.

Charles Lamb once said he had been trying all his life to like Scotchmen, and was obliged to give it up in despair.

I have been trying all my life to understand why some people praise the Scotch.

It would certainly reflect on one's taste to like them.

A Scotchman is exactly like an Englishman, only more so.

It was not so long ago that an English gazetter proclaimed to the world that the people of Aberdeen—a small fishing village on the east coast of Scotland—live "chiefly on fish and seaweed."

I remember when a disastrous ferry-boat accident occurred at one of the northern towns of Scotland some years ago, the artist of a certain London illustrated weekly depicted the males as swimming ashore, everyone in his kilt, while broad bonnets innumerable floated about the surface of the water. That artist's idea of the typical garb of the Scot is the idea of the average Englishman. The notion that the limbs of Sandy are ever encased in a pair

of trousers is evidently considered as preposterous as that the surprised Scot's vocabulary can run beyond the traditional "Eh, mon!"

If such misunderstanding can exist between the English and the Scotch, imagine what feelings the natives of a land can work up toward foreigners.

That the Scot lives mainly upon oatmeal, and can even at a pinch make a dinner off the national thistle, is an idea that has come down from the time of Dr. Johnson.

It was a Scot who got the credit of first crossing Waterloo Bridge after it was freed, and *Punch* pictured him chuckling over the "bawbee" he had thus saved for the "kirk" plate. "Thrifty to the extent of meanness" is the Celt, who is supposed never to part with a coin without tearfully muttering, "Bang went saxpence." He is said to keep the "Sawbath" and everything else he can lay hands on, and one day of the week at least he is believed to do nothing but sit solemnly behind his window-blinds and drink whisky and tap his snuff-box. Assertive and opinionative, he knows nothing of the happy medium of other men. His acquaintance with literature is limited to Burns and the Bible, and his only song is "Auld Lang Syne."

The only musical instrument he wots of is the bag-pipe, and his leading amusement is the dancing of reels and strathspeys to tunes as wild as himself, without beginning or end. He is as hard-hearted as he is hard-headed, and as long as he gets to the top of the ladder himself you may die at the bottom for all he cares.

At a fashionable wedding in a Toronto church the groom was so happy that he presented the sexton, who spent several hours in fitting up the church, with an envelope containing $2. The sexton was equal to the occasion. Securing paper and envelope, he enclosed the $2, with the request that the happy groom would drink his health, and handed the letter to the groom as he was

marching up the aisle after the wedding ceremony had been performed.

The groom was a Scotchman.

It has been said that a beggar will never starve to death in Scotland. If so it is certainly not on account of the liberality of the Scotch, but on account of the impossibility of starving a Scotchman.

Scotland is said to be the only country where a Jew cannot live. There are English Jews, German Jews, French Jews, Yankee Jews, Russian Jews, etc., but no Scotch Jews.

One can never fully appreciate the conscienceless cunning of the Scotch in Canada until one has had money dealings with them, or until one meets them on their own dunghill. In an unguarded moment they will steal the clothes off your back, to say nothing about red-hot stoves.

This statement may appear harsh, but it is based on facts. They are the most artistic and eloquent liars I have ever met. Their lies are as intricate and elaborate as the most marvelous embroidery, and the ground-work upon which they are based is of so flimsy a nature as to be almost imperceptible. I have never yet heard of an American or European writer who has dared or cared to portray them as they really are, and especially their objection to straightforward dealing, or their incapability of making a thoroughly truthful or honest statement, which makes one uncertain whether or not it is safe to even believe the contrary of what they say. A man must meet them in Canada in order to know them.

They will borrow, but never lend.

If I had a family of young folks to give advice to, my admonition would be: Beware of the Scotch-Canadian.

It is quite impossible for men in Canada to be conscientious under the present system of business and social intercourse. Surroundings are not such as to produce scrupulousness and fairness.

Corn cannot grow on a rock.

A man in Canada has quite as good an inducement to become a rogue as a banker's son has to engage in financial pursuits, or a farmer's son to become a farmer.

Nothing would surprise the average Canadian more than to discover in the end that you are really honorable and straightforward.

If you once get into the clutches of these people you are a creature to be plucked, bullied and pillaged; then may the Lord have mercy on your soul. You will be robbed, swindled, outraged, without any means of redress.

Your capacity for suffering imposition will be measured with unerring accuracy, and if you should succeed in getting any satisfaction (without a big ransom) you possess genius, and a great, brave and patient soul, and you will deserve a longer pair of wings than any other angel.

They will demand and expect everything, and return as much as they see fit.

They have no conception of reciprocity in anything, no comprehension of moral values apart from creeds, social requirements or custom. Everything is in good form so long as it is not found out.

After living in Canada for a while the cold realism of your situation will come.

When the limit of human patience is reached you must rave like a maniac at the whole pack of persecutors, or you can say: "My good fellow!" and "There's a man!" and other friendly things, and pay over more money. (It is always demanded in advance.)

If you expect to close a certain transaction in a week's time, you may rest assured that it will be accomplished in about eighteen months.

If you address them in unmistakable language they will be surprised, angry, indignant, at your extraordinary conduct, or they will play the "injured innocence" dodge; or else they will light up with joy at the misery they alone can cause you, and then they will drop you hard.

CHAPTER VI.

The Toronto *Saturday Night* of March 19, 1892, said : "It is the habit to bemoan the scarcity of capital in this country and to grumble because American money does not come in here, and because English money goes by this loyal colony and swells the golden streams that fertilize trade throughout the Republic. Well, if we would cease our grumbling and think a minute, if we would spare censuring fate and examine our own conduct, we would discover the whole trouble, and it is this : We do not welcome foreign capital when it comes knocking at our door—the business men of the country refuse it admittance unless it is offered as a present.

"This is true, and it is the real secret of dormant resources. In Canada we have no capitalists ; we have some rich tradesmen who profess that name, but it ill fits them. The difference between the two is our crushing disadvantage. A capitalist is ready any day at a round profit to sell out any enterprise which he owns, to his next-door neighbor or to a South Sea Islander who offers the cash, and then turn his money to some other prompt use. The tradesman understands making money only in one business, and unless he can sell at an enormous profit that will effectually glut his ambition to be rich, he will growl and hang on to his bone. The millers and brewers and distillers and agricultural implement makers and other manufacturers of Canada have all rejected profitable offers to sell out to English and American capitalists. They will not sell. They will negotiate with a vengeance, but if the Englishmen agree to the price that they ask, then they reflect on the big monopoly they are surrendering and fret about how they will employ their liberated capital, and

wind up by demanding fifty thousand dollars more, and so the deal falls through. The newspaper men of this city could tell, if they would, of ten million dollars of English money that has been repulsed from Ontario in this way during the past half dozen years. This is a big statement, but I am persuaded it is within the figure. Some deals have fallen through because, when the Englishmen had agreed to the excessive price demanded, our tradesmen, trembling for their future welfare, stipulated that they should be retained to conduct the business at salaries large enough to maintain so many kings. If they sell out they want the earth as an offset. They can't get it, and that is why they grumble.

"The same spirit has penetrated to the smallest matters. If a modest Englishman with a few thousand dollars reaches one of our townships with the purpose of farming, every farmer cocks his eye, and land can be seen to double in value as the stranger drives down the road. He is conspired against without a word being spoken, and when he does buy a farm for an excessive sum, the job of fleecing him is but fairly commenced. Shorthorn calves that won't register in the herd-book are unloaded upon him at fairy prices, and other such tricks played, for the community regards it as a signal of divine favor that the Englishman has been sent to that particular locality to collect all the runt and breechy cattle, all the spavined and vicious horses, all the lazy and dishonest laborers. The expectant but patient bailiff usually closes the chapter, and so much English capital has been absorbed in that community. I have seen this whole thing enacted under my nose a couple of times, and know of other cases, so am not talking at random. This has no tendency to encourage the investment of foreign capital in farming here. The ruined stranger generally writes home for money and returns to England, where he does not fail to depict us as a lot of money-grubbing sharks, among whom no man dare venture with a dollar.

"Take this Ashbridge's Bay business. There is a frog pond whence the frogs have been removed by a malaria suited to the requirements of their case. The marsh has maintained a still and stinking presence to the east of the city for a generation, and many a funeral has been occasioned by the odors it threw off. Thousands of dollars have been spent in trying to create a flow of healthy water through it, but the best engineering skill the municipality could command has failed to maintain a channel. There it lay, a difficulty, an increasing danger. About this time along came a man who proposed to convert the slough into dry land, with private capital, on condition that the investors were guaranteed certain opportunities to reap profit from their spirited enterprise. 'Oh-ho-o!' said Toronto 'let me think! You are not going to do this for fun, and if there's money in it for you there's money in it for me. Oh-ho-o, wouldn't you like it!' And so Toronto has been thinking ever since and will go on thinking, too timid to touch it and too greedy to let private enterprise touch it. Here are several New York capitalists offering to do a job that before finished must necessitate the outlay of over a million dollars, but they will probably be rebuffed or forced by a pinch bargain to drop negotiations. The people here do not want New York money to come in, it seems, for, don't you see, *the New Yorkers might make something.* In Hamilton, too, where the street railway franchise has been up for sale, some of the aldermen advocated selling to the old company because the other company would employ foreign capital. I do not know how much this argument weighed, but it was used, and the old company was awarded the franchise."

CHAPTER VII.

If you wish to rent an office in Toronto, you will be bombarded with questions and looked upon with suspicion. You may be asked to sign a lease for fourteen years, more or less, and to give to the landlord a mortgage on your life. You will be fortunate, indeed, if you are not required to fill out and sign a document a foot and a half wide by several yards in length. You will be obliged to contend with the moss-grown abuses of centuries.

And then again rents for first-class office rooms are higher in proportion to accommodations than in New York or Chicago; and the tenant in many cases is obliged to pay the taxes. In some of the office buildings here the rooms are not even provided with a lock and key, and the tenant not only has to furnish his own lock and key, but the gas fixtures as well. About everything else is done on the same scale—the same old, hopeless shiftlessness.

When there is an elevator in an office building it is never in operation before nine in the morning, and it shuts down at noon on Saturdays and at three or five o'clock on other days of the week. Passengers are allowed to ride one way only, and they would never think of allowing one to go up five minutes before the starting time in the morning.

This is done to save expense.

Men treat each other with an easy abandon and cynical indifference. They always appear to impute to each other peccadilloes and offences of which the English law takes cognizance.

That is a peculiarly English trait.

A stranger in Toronto gave me the following as his experience while in search of employment:

"You are a stranger in the city?

Yes.

Where are you from?

England.

What part of England did you come from?

I came from London.

Can you speak any other language?

Yes; I can speak French, Spanish and Italian.

Can you furnish good references?

Yes.

Why is it that you could not find employment without coming here? Did you get into any trouble in the old country?

No, sir.

Were you ever arrested?

No, sir.

Were you ever a convict?

No, sir.

Were you ever in prison?

No, sir.

Have you not done something that has never been found out?

No, sir."

The above appears to be in the order of things.

In short, it is taken for granted that you are a rogue and you are treated accordingly.

So great is this grotesque suspicion that prevails among men of every class that you cannot even ask the average man to do you even the most trifling favor without at once arousing this mountain of suspicion to such an extent that he will invariably jump to the conclusion that there must be some dynamite about it that is liable to blow up and damage some one, and after deliberating over it for a day or two, he will refuse to grant your request.

He is convinced that you are intending to lead him into a trap.

What annoys and exasperates the foreigner in Canada is the meddlesome and constant interference of his neighbors with his private affairs. Canadians are more inquisitive than in the backwoods towns of the United States. If you are a guest at an hotel and carry on any confidential conversation with a friend, you will find that some one is listening attentively to all you say.

An Englishman will sometimes walk away when you are engaged in any confidential conversation, but the Canadian stands close to your elbow.

At table, no one offers to help you to anything.

If you order any work done, you can rest assured that it will be executed in the most approved fifteenth century style. When you leave the order, be it for never so small or trifling a thing (if you are a stranger in the city), you will be bombarded with questions as to what it is for? What do you want to do with it? and why? You will be looked upon with suspicion, and when the job is completed you will find that it is an awful botch. It will be so poorly done as to be worthless. If this should not be the case, you will be a lucky man.

You enter a store, or saloon, and although the place may be entirely deserted of customers, although two or three clerks may be lolling about, no one, at first, will offer to move. I have had this experience hundreds if not thousands of times when entering a place of business. They are like a house leaning on the wall of a neighbor. You may find two or three healthy looking cattle engaged in a game of cards or something of that kind, and in that case you will be fortunate indeed if you should succeed in getting any of them to make a move until they have finished the game.

If you take a job of work to a printing office, you can consider yourself in luck if they do not lose the copy before the job is set up.

Pay for any job, large or small, is under nearly all circumstances, demanded in advance.

If the work is a little difficult to compose, or "set up," it will, in many cases, be handed back and refused. Not wanted. Too much effort. Too much like work.

Even after you have been dealing with a man a long time, long enough to become well acquainted with him, and should then happen to want some more work done to the amount of one or two dollars, he will always want you to pay in advance.

Canadians are very greedy.

You hand a man a dollar or two as evidence of good faith, at the same time remarking: "Shall I pay you now?" He will never show his confidence in you by handing it back and saying: "You can pay when the work is completed."

I took a small electrotype, three inches long by one inch wide, to a printing office to get one rough proof of it (not a press proof), and although I had been a good customer and had previously had considerable work done, I was charged fifteen cents for a proof.

If the work you order set up in type should happen to amount to, say, three dollars, and you should happen to give another order half an hour later, even though it amounted to only seventy-five cents or a dollar more, you will, in many cases, be asked for another and larger deposit before the printer will go ahead with either job.

It is, however, perhaps, wise for these people to collect their pay in advance in order to get it, for the reason that you would not pay at all in many cases if you knew in advance just what you were to get for your money; that is, if you knew that the work would be so badly done as to be worthless, and that you would be obliged to throw it away when delivered; and that is just what you would be sure to do in a great many cases.

Few are they in Canada who will give you any indication that they have any confidence in you or in anyone else. It is the same with all classes of business men and

other people, for, as I said before, confidence between men is a thing unknown in Canada. It does not exist.

After you have dealt with a man for a year or two, or long enough to become well acquainted with him, and have paid your bills promptly, the chances are ten to one that he would not speak to you civilly if you should happen to meet him afterwards on the street. The majority of these men are so very unfriendly, so freezingly cold, rude and disagreeable in business wherever you go, be you rich or poor, that it is almost impossible to describe it.

If you make a purchase at a store, where you have been a regular and good customer for years, amounting to only ten cents, and if the storekeeper should happen to have no change, as is frequently the case, and you should tender one dollar in payment, he will not offer to trust you for the ten cents, as in the United States, but you will be expected to leave the dollar as security for the ten cents.

An old German, a stranger in the city, took breakfast at a King street restaurant in Toronto, and after he had paid his check at the counter one of the young ladies in attendance followed him in hot haste for two blocks to inform him that a mistake had been made in the check, and he was somewhat surprised to discover that he had eaten an extra ginger cake, for which *one cent* more was demanded. This resulted in a war of words. He was roundly upbraided for his dishonesty. It was suspected that he intended to deliberately defraud the proprietor.

The cent was promptly paid.

Regarding small matters, involving, say, twenty-five cents, there must in many cases be a long wait and consultation before anything can be done.

You take a pair of shoes to a shop to be mended on Monday morning. You would like them by Monday night as a *special favor*. "Will you oblige me this time? It would accommodate me very much." No. You are obliged to wait three or four days.

Sometimes, in a barber shop, your face will be lathered with soap, and then the artist will leave off in the midst of the operation, walk away, and begin an argument with some one standing about, and appear to forget all about you.

When an artistic and costly building is erected they are obliged to send to the United States for an architect. All the finest business blocks in Toronto were designed by American artists.

Toronto is one of the finest sites for a city in America. The streets are spacious, well laid out, and regularly built, but when you walk or drive about there is nothing to relieve the monotony. From one end of the city to the other the houses are built almost alike, with scarcely any change in the architectural design. There is, therefore, not much change of scene, not much to relieve the eye.

If John Jones builds a house his next-door neighbor's house, as a rule, will be an exact copy of it.

Turn which way you will, you will find this sameness in everything—*this one idea.*

There is destined to be a great change in Canada, however, in another fifteen or twenty years. Many people there are learning a little all the time, *by degrees*, from their more enterprising neighbors on the other side of the border, and some of them frequently show more or less disposition to adopt nineteenth century ways.

Canadians often sneeze when other people take snuff. They whistle while others dance.

All the wit and humor found in the press of Canada is copied bodily from American publications.

When a business man gets out anything in the way of a trade mark he is very apt to copy the same from some house in either New York or Chicago. This is also true of their business cards, circulars, advertisements, etc., except that at the bottom of circulars, posters, pamphlets and business announcements are the words, "God Save the Queen."

A certain doctor in Toronto in advertising a cure for rheumatism got things slightly mixed. At the head of his

advertisements was an illustration representing a man without and with a moustache. This same engraving has been used for many years by an American advertiser who offers a remedy to promote the growth of a bashful moustache. To judge from this illustration one would suppose that the remedy advertised by the Canadian doctor was as effective for the moustache as for the rheumatism.

In every act or fact about these Canadians there is the same hopeless shiftlessness, and prying curiosity, and that everlasting suspicion that follows you wherever you go. They are morbidly inquisitive, so much so that it amounts to a species of insanity. If you order a small job of work done to the amount of $1, or thereabouts, you may be hounded for six months with questions such as, "what is it for?" and "what is your business?" and "where do you live?"

If you object to this kind of treatment you may be called names. They are like the bad old witches of the story books.

Their reasons for being suspicious of each other may be sound enough, but why should they suspect persons whom they do not know as well as they know each other?

Careful study reveals the fact that all this prying is caused, in many cases, by an insatiable desire or itching to injure someone without any provocation. They are the most morbidly inquisitive people on earth. They are diseased and eaten up with idle curiosity. If they should get an idea that they could possibly find out something about your affairs that they could in any way use to your disadvantage or injury, their efforts to annoy you and pry into your affairs would be redoubled. In this particular there is tremendous enterprise, and much talent is wasted.

Theirs are wolfish natures, whose only instinct is to sneak, and clutch, and devour. To such men mercy is a mockery, and humanity another name for folly. An appeal to their higher nature is too much for them.

CHAPTER VIII.

Natural laws recognize the right of a man to attend to his own business and let other people's business alone.

I am more and more convinced, the longer I live, that the very best advice that was ever given from friend to friend is contained in those four words: "Mind your own business." The following of it would save many a heart-ache. Its observance would insure against every sort of wrangling.

The man who has no business of his own to attend to always goes to bed tired.

When we mind our own business we are sure of success in what we undertake. We may count upon a glorious immunity from failure. When a husbandman harvests a crop by hanging over the fence and watching his neighbor hoe weeds, it will be time for you and me to achieve renown in any undertaking in which we mind our neighbor's business. If I had a family of young folks to give advice to, my early, late and constant admonition would be, always and everywhere: "Mind your own business." Thus should they woo harmony and peace, and live to enjoy something like the completeness of life.

In the United States, when a man asks you questions he does not mean to be impudent. As a rule, he has no intention to offend you. It is the interest he takes in you that urges him to put questions to you. *It is good-fellowship.*

In Canada it is the reverse. It is meddlesomeness.

There is a class of persons who find their happiness in meddling with other people's business, and tyrannizing over other people.

Nine-tenths of all the trouble in the world is caused by each person not minding his own business.

In Canada this evil has reached a wonderful development. Things that in another country—and I speak from experience—would be looked upon as perfectly harmless, are attributed to the most evil motives in Canada. If, for example, you meet a friend's wife on the street, it is very unsafe to allow your features to relax into a smile and speak pleasantly to her. If you do, ten to one you will have the sympathy of the whole town aroused for the injured husband, and before you know it you will be involved in a pretty little scandal.

Everyone knows that it is wrong to talk evilly about other people, and when the other people happen on the scene, it is wonderful how quickly such conversation drops.

There are two good rules to follow in respect to this evil. The first is to never say anything behind a person's back that you would not say to his face. The other is to pay strict attention to your own business, and let others do the same. Society can never be at peace with itself until these two rules are followed by every one, and the sooner it is done the better.

I once attempted to evade these morbid Canadian curiosity seekers when I had a job of printing to be done, by attempting to have the work put in type in my own office.

I purchased a font of type and other printing material, etc., and employed a man to set up the type and to get each page of the job electrotyped as soon as it was set up, and that was, to use a slang phrase, "just where I lost my cash and got badly left," for they took the trouble to take a proof to read of all the pages which were to be electrotyped; and, furthermore, I was followed about and questioned for months afterwards, and also requested to send them a copy or proof taken from the forms which had escaped their notice. They remarked that they thought "it might be interesting reading," etc.

Some men have painted heaven as a place with golden streets and pearly gates; as a place where black-eyed houris turn life into bliss; as a place where every desire will be satisfied. My idea of heaven is a place or time wherein every one will mind his own business.

Remember Emerson's words: "Mind thy affair, says the spirit. Coxcomb! Would you meddle with the skies, or with other people?"

A man who has been accustomed to the ways of modern civilization will find habits, customs and opinions in Canada quite foreign to him, and society not pleasant to contemplate.

You find no great preacher, philosopher, scientist, economist nor philanthropist in the ranks of Canadians.

There is nothing amiable, witty or attractive in the exterior aspect of men and of things; nothing in particular to live for, no amenities of life, no intimacy, no openness of heart, no ease, no joy, no sincerity, no candor of friendship, no sympathy, no sentiment, no generosity in the life of men. Their philosophy in life is to look out for number one.

It is strange with how little notice, good, bad or indifferent, apart from prurient curiosity, a man may live and die in that community. He awakens no sympathy in the breast of any single person; his existence is a matter of interest to no one save himself; he cannot be said to be forgotten when he dies, for no one remembered him when he was alive. There seem to be tens of thousands of people here who do not possess a single friend, and whom nobody appears to care for.

There are thousands of men in Toronto who appear to be utterly abandoned and friendless. On the street, or elsewhere, of an evening or on Sundays they are alone, forlorn. At any rate I never saw them surrounded by friends or others who appeared to take the slightest interest in them or each other.

There is nothing here but mere animal existence.

The impression that this sociological phenomena makes upon one is wholly and constantly that of coarse and brutal materialism. The social feeling of Canadians partakes of the nature of an iceburg, chilling those who come in contact with it. They have become accustomed to this kind of treatment of each other so much that it passes unnoticed. They are unconscious of it. They are renowned for all of those petty rules which make life miserable. By their treatment of each other they make themselves thoroughly hated among themselves. They develop the meanest part of man's nature, leaving the nobler qualities to languish. They could, perhaps, work and be friendly among themselves and treat each other more kindly, but that would be to run counter to their whole being.

Refinement to them consists in the decrepit vices of conservatism. They are characterized by the observance of all those petty rules which make the lives of the English upper classes ridiculous in the eyes of the rest of the world, but without which some people fervently believe the nation would not be safe nor the Crown secure.

To an unmarried or single man in Canada mere existence is very, very miserable. There is no place to go of an evening for amusement; for go where you will, there is a prickly bush, or a thorn hedge, or long sharp-pointed tacks. There are no recreations during eight months of the year, except vice and religion. I do not include the theatres. They are rather too expensive for any but the rich.

The stranger in town is at a loss to kill time. He can not even go to a saloon with comfort, for no chairs are allowed. To take comfort is a sin.

All saloons close up promptly at seven o'clock on Saturday night. The patrons of these places stand up to the narrow bar which, in nearly every case, is similar to a hall entrance, with just room enough for the crowd to stand in a long row in single file, and here they drink, push, crowd and elbow each other like a drove of cattle.

You call for a glass of beer. A Canadian comes in, pushes you aside with both elbows; and although he strikes your arm frequently, sending the glass flying out of your hand, there is manifested no inclination to apologise.

The barkeeper is never in a hurry to wait on you. He will often stand and look at you for a long time before he gets ready to serve you. This is not altogether on account of laziness, but partly through fear of showing you too much honor. He fears that if he were to "hustle," to display any eagerness to serve you, you might think he had some respect for you, and he wishes you to understand that he has none.

This is peculiarly English.

In most of the bar-rooms a customer who calls for a glass of whisky is not allowed to pour it out for himself. This fear of trusting a customer with the bottle causes a good deal of merriment among visitors from the States.

They are a terribly stingy lot, too, as you will find out after associating with them for a short time. They will drink all day at another man's expense, but will themselves seldom treat one another, let alone an outsider, unless they are working "a soft mark," or wish to "pull your leg." They will sponge, and sponge, and sponge.

It is unnecessary to say that there are no free lunch counters in Canada. It would not be safe. The Canadian customer would buy a glass of beer and eat a dollar's worth of lunch.

The more general use of the German or American lager beer, in place of the villainous, brain-wrecking drugs everywhere sold and drunk in Canada, would do much to help the cause of temperance.

On Sundays *high-toned* citizens congregate at the drug stores and some other places where drinks are often to be had in the rear, on the sly, where they get gloriously drunk and amuse themselves by sitting down on each other's shiny-top hats.

That is their idea of fun.

To judge from the conversation at these times and places one would imagine that many of these fellows were about three degrees above a gorilla.

One meets at least twenty to thirty drunken men, and women too, in Toronto to one single inebriated person in any United States city, and yet they are always boasting of their superior morals and claiming that they are the "most perfect people in the world."

Sunday is a day of terror. Out-of-door life on that day is sad and gloomy.

On holidays pleasure is turned into a funeral service.

One can see more drunkenness here on a single holiday than in any United States city in a lifetime.

It is undeniable that the Canadians are a cold people. Considering how little they know of pleasure, it is extremely comical to hear them utter the customary phrase, "I enjoyed myself immensely."

The Canadian lives for bread and beef and beer. All his little thoughts are centred in his little self, his little destiny. He wonders how much money he can make, by any hook or crook. He figures carefully upon everything he says or does as to what will be its effect upon his prospects in the world.

Such a man will desert his friends and abandon whatever principles he may happen to have for a mess of loaves and fishes at any time.

Self-centered men; little men; ants; weathercocks; party howlers; religious devotees who make use of God because he can give them a lift in the political or business world. They would worship the devil just as devotedly if the devil was as popular as God is. They lift their eyes to heaven in ostentatious piety, because the man who lifts his eyes to heaven has the best chance to be promoted in this world. Who could ever hope to be advanced in the employ of some pious corporation, or become an Alderman if he did not lift his eyes to heaven?

I admire the person who finds his highest pleasure in speaking what he believes is the truth more than him whose highest pleasure is in filling his stomach and covering his back. The latter is a poor, cowardly way to live, and I have no admiration for him who adopts it, however much I may recognize his shrewdness.

Some men think of nothing but *clothing, and food, and shelter.* In their eyes all else is "nonsense, don't you know." It is unnecessary to state that some of such people are English.

The streets are lined with such men. In Toronto you jostle hundreds of them every day. Men who would lie for a dollar and a half; men who would sell their mother's coffin if they could make anything by it; men whose philosophy in life is to look out for number one; men who never rise out of their personal affairs, or become one in whom the interests of other people find a voice, a hand and a heart.

CHAPTER IX.

Toronto is Canada and Canada is Toronto.

Toronto is the smartest city in Canada, but a stranger might go there and live a long time without catching sight of any of the thousand and one things that go towards making life worth living.

Canada is not at all in accord with the nineteenth century. The broad, beaming light of humanity does not shine in that gloomy land. There is stagnation, apathy and indifference. Men there, I think, are sunk in a more hopeless element of semi-civilized savagery than those I have met in any other slavish or superstition-scourged part of this world of idol-worshipping Pharisees.

Old conventional ways predominate, burying out of sight freedom, wisdom and kindness. Canadian ideas as to what constitutes "good form" put the greatest premium ever set upon brutality, hypocrisy, deceit and fraud, and if you are guided by these notions as to what is "good form," you will never be ashamed to do anything however bad, if it is justified by law or custom. But if you speak the truth and live naturally in Canada, you will fly in the face of the established order of things.

In order to be respectable a man must keep out of jail—that is all. Some men are dishonest in that broad and open way which leads to the penitentiary. Others are dishonest in all the thousand and one minor matters which do not come in for such stern condemnation from the law. This latter class are utterly without conscientious scruples. I think the former class are more to be admired than the latter.

What the church says goes in Toronto. If you want to succeed, want to be *respectable*, you've got to join one

of the church clubs, and work the pious racket for all you're worth. That is, you must until you can "contribute generously" to the funds. When you can do this, you needn't be so particular, nor does it matter how you make the money, so long as it's made in a "legitimate," "respectable" business, and you are not found out, and you believe that it's your duty to give some of it to the church. That's how it is in Toronto; and if you do not approve of this sort of thing, and dare to say so, you will be classed as atheistic; and people, that is, "good" people, will think you too vile to come into their homes. The church will crush you.

People in Toronto do not associate with a man because he is frank, kind and honest, but because he goes in a certain set. Men are estimated wholly by surface measures; never by their real worth. They evade all unpleasant facts in their own nature by covering them from the eyes of others, not at all by correcting the faults. They do not object to a man because he is a liar, a thief, or a black-leg generally, but because he does not talk or act in the way the people act or talk, or acted or talked (for they are usually dead long ago) whom they have been trained to copy. Their valuation of character, acts and people are made on this basis. This blind, brutal worship of conventionalities and forms, without the substance, is one of the characteristics of bygone days, and it moulds honest men and women into criminals.

If you suggest improvement in any way, you will be looked upon with suspicion, and regarded as an emissary of the devil. An effort on the part of anyone to bring about a happier condition of things would be followed by the vilest abuse. In that direction one meets a hopeless stone wall of stubbornness.

It is such things as these that delight the hearts of the superstitious, make the philosopher smile, and cause him who pities toiling, suffering humanity to weep.

CHAPTER X.

Experience proves that the most delicious happiness follows those acts which are followed by happiness to others. But Canadians have not yet found out that their own happiness is promoted by acts of kindness, and their own comfort enhanced by making things as agreeable and pleasant for each other as possible. That is a bit of good philosophy that the average inhabitant of Toronto could profit by immensely, if he valued his own happiness.

Speaking in general terms, the selfishness of human beings may be said to be of two kinds; the selfishness of those who seek their happiness respective of the happiness of others, and the selfishness of those who seek their happiness irrespective of the happiness of others. And they are forever distinct. The selfishness which is hurtful, is an error of judgment. If all men are selfish, that selfishness which finds pleasure in those acts which are helpful to others is surely of the higher type.

What follows acts of selfishness, whether pain or pleasure to others, is a mere incident, which does not in the least change the character of the act. Sympathetic acts are as selfish as any other. And this is a beautiful fact, for by it we learn that we may be helpful to others without any hateful self-righteousness.

The maxim:—"My experience is, that when those about me are happy, I am happier than I otherwise could be. It is to my interest, therefore, to contribute toward the happiness of others," is the grandest maxim ever penned. It clearly shows that all our acts originate from selfish motives to attain the greatest happiness; but that as we advance intellectually, we find that the greatest

happiness can be attained and enjoyed only when we are surrounded by happy creatures.

I lived for about three years in a German city. The contrast to life among those blue-eyed, happy people was deliciously in their favor as compared to life in Canada. You have some rights in Germany which other people respect. You are among a race of ladies and gentlemen, and it is remarkably refreshing as against a community like gloomy Canada.

Germans are noted for minding their own business.

CHAPTER XI.

Max O'Rell says: When John Bull enters an omnibus or a railway carriage, if he does not recognize anyone, he eyes his fellow-travelers askance in a sulky and suspicious way. He seems to say. "What a bore it is that all you people can't walk home, and let a man have the carriage comfortably to himself."

He is absolute master in his own house, which he calls his castle. If you present yourself to him without an introduction, he will put his back up and soon show you to the door as an intruder.

On the other hand, if properly armed with a letter of introduction, you may possibly find him hospitable, affable, and even unsuspecting, and you may possibly become the friend of the family.

An Englishman is either virtuous or an utter reprobate; *sometimes* virtuous. There is no middle course; the contrast is striking.

In English family life there is no intimacy, no openness of heart; stiffness and reserve; affection, but little love. In her dignity, the English woman refrains from making advances towards "her lord and master" for fear of their not being met with approval.

In England, the young married woman is no longer at home in her father's house; she goes there on a visit, and all are glad to see her, but she is no more one of the inner circle. *Visits are counted.*

There are very few old bachelors in England, all the men marry; some for affection, some for money, and some from a sense of duty. It is a debt they owe society. It is not that they are fond of women, for, like Solomon, they generally abuse them. They avoid their mother when they

are intoxicated; they dread her reproaches, shun her scrutinizing gaze.

In England they beat women, or turn them out of the house. Let those who may doubt the exact truth of these statements open any English newspaper and read for themselves.

A society for the protection of women has yet to be formed. The following is extracted from the police court reports of the daily newspapers, where you may see similar ones every day:

Thames Police Court.—John H. is charged with having beaten his wife, and threatened to kill her. On Friday night he returned home drunk, seized his wife by the hair, and threw her out of the window. He then sent his five children to join her in the street, whether by the window or not, the report does not state. The woman managed to get into the house again, but the man, seizing a knife, threatened *to settle her*. She succeeded in escaping, but not before he had injured her so brutally about the head that blood flowed in profusion from her nose and mouth. John H. is condemned to one month's imprisonment. If he had done as much to a horse, he would have got six months at least. But a woman! His *wife*, especially!

In Manchester, and all parts of Lancashire, the men wear iron soled shoes with pointed toes. With these kicking can be very successfully performed.

The English woman will bear, with scarcely a murmur, the gravest of indignities and wrongs. You may read of any number of such cases every day in English newspapers. What are the people taught? you will ask. Certainly, it is not religious lessons that are wanting in that country of Churches and Chapels, of Sunday Schools and Bible Classes, of Christian Associations, Salvation Armies, and what not! Neither can drunkenness alone entirely account for this savage brutality so very common in England that it passes unnoticed. The law does not protect women. These savages have also several other favorite

pastimes. When they are not occupied in kicking their wives in the most sensitive parts of their bodies, they fight among themselves, and bite off each other's noses. The olfactory organ would seem to be a dainty to their taste. This is also a very common occurrence.

The Englishman hits a blow that would knock your head off your shoulders.

This is a curious thing; even when these savages fight in earnest, they never kick each other; it is contrary to the national spirit. The kick is reserved strictly for the weaker sex, who enjoy the whole and sole monopoly of it.

And here, I may say that in this matter Uncle Jonathan sets John Bull an example which the latter would do well to profit by.

Whilst English justice gives merely one or two months' imprisonment to the man who is found guilty of having almost kicked his wife to death, an American town is in arms at the mere rumor of a man having maltreated a woman.*

One of the favorite pastimes of John Bull, the protector of animals, is pigeon-shooting. He does not always content himself with shooting at the unfortunate little bird; he sometimes puts out one of its eyes, that it may only fly in a certain direction, and that he may shoot it more easily. This kind of sport, however, begins to be a little less popular, thanks to the charming Princess of Wales, who formally intimated to the public the interest she felt in these poor little innocent birds.

Not long ago, the men of the lower classes used to find great pleasure in flaying cats alive.

Adultery is frequent in the higher classes, among the rich and idle; very rare among the middle and working

* Why is it, asks some one, that when a man is sent to prison for kissing a woman against her will you have to lock up the woman to keep her from sending him flowers? Because, when she is wedded to the man, and he beats and ill-uses her about three-fourths of the time, she is sure to love him all the more. Good, kind husbands are seldom "in it" with the wife-beater.

classes. I do not mention the lower populace of London; their life is that of dogs.

John Bull only lifts his hat on grand occasions; for instance, when he hears "God Save the Queen" played or sung. Then he may be said to be saluting his country, his Queen, his flag—himself, if you like.

In his club, in Parliament even, he keeps on his hat.

I know a Frenchman who threw up his situation because his employer did not return his bow.

In business, the Englishman throws overboard all things imposed by politeness. His style is freezingly cold and rude. Of a melancholy disposition, brought up in the crude training of the Bible, and in an austere religion that implants in him almost a dread of joy and happiness, the Englishman is less lovable and less happy than the French, Germans, or Americans.

In England you will see the walls of all waiting-rooms covered with sheets of scriptural texts printed in large type. Go to the most private places for men, you will see in front of you, "God sees thee," or, "Make haste; God waits for thee." Turn which way you will, Bible here, Bible there, Bible everywhere. Every year there is spent in Bibles and alcoholic liquors alone more than sixty million (60,000,000) pounds.

Children must not play on Sundays. I once saw two little creatures of six or seven, playing with oranges in the street. A gentleman went up to them and gave them a severe reprimanding for their naughtiness. Old maids are terrible on Sundays; woe be to the children who fall into their clutches on the Sabbath.

Prince Bismarck, who, it appears, has a remarkable talent for whistling, landed at Hull one Sunday. "I had just set foot for the first time on English soil," he related. "I began to whistle as I went along the street. An Englishman stopped me and said: 'Sir, be good enough to stop whistling.' 'Stop whistling? What for?' 'Because it is forbidden. It is Sunday!' 'I made up my mind

not to stay in Hull another hour, and I started for Edinburgh." Poor Prince Bismarck! What an inspiration! Fancy going to Scotland to escape from the form of tyranny that is called in England the observance of the Lord's day! Scotland, the land of John Knox and the cradle of Puritanism! Bismarck has never boasted of the success he met with as a Sabbath-day whistler in Scotland.

It is Bible or beer; Gospel or gin; no other choice on Sundays; no intermedium in this country of contrasts.

"In Kilburn, a most respectable suburb of London, there are 25 places of worship and 35 public houses. On November 26, 1882, between the hours of six and eight in the evening, 5,570 persons entered the places of worship, and 5,591 the public houses."—*Daily News.* "A Public Worship and Public House Census at Kilburn."

It is, as M. Taine says, "Paradise or Hell; no Purgatory in England."

Ay, terrible, indeed! One look at the faces of the women and men who frequent these drink-shops will persuade you how terrible. The thought makes one shudder.

In a moment of wounded national pride, Sydney Smith once exclaimed:

"What a pity it is we have no amusements in England except vice and religion."

The same exclamation might be uttered to-day, and the cause laid at the Anglo-Saxon "unco' guid's" door. It is he who is responsible for the degradation of the British lower classes, by refusing to enable them to elevate their minds on Sundays at the sight of the masterpieces of art which are contained in the museums, or at the sound of the symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart, which might be given to the people at reduced prices on that day.

The poor people must choose between vice and religion, and as the wretches know they are not wanted in the churches, they go to the taverns.

To a certain extent, says a French writer, I am a believer in climatic influence, and am inclined to think

that Sabbath reformers reckon without the British climate when they hope to see a Britain full of cheerful Christians. M. Taine, in his "History of English Literature," ascribes the unlovable morality of Puritanism to the influence of British climate.

"Pleasure being out of question," he says, "under such a sky, the Briton gave himself up to this forbidding virtuousness." In other words, being unable to be cheerful, he became moral. This is not altogether true. Many Britons are cheerful who don't look it; many Britons are not moral who look it.

But how would M. Taine explain the existence of this same Puritanic "morality" which can be found under the lovely, clear, bright sky of America? All over Canada, and, indeed, in most parts of America, the same kill-joy, the same gloomy, frowning Sabbath-keeper is flourishing, doing his utmost to blot the sunshine out of every recurring seventh day.

In England, when you hear of any great crime having been committed, sift the matter, and you will find a chapel. There are few bankrupts, really worthy of the name, that have not built a Church or Chapel to win the confidence of investors, and, maybe, also to offer to God a little of that which they had taken from men.

We all remember the sickening professions of religion that Guiteau, the vile and cowardly assassin of poor President Garfield, made day after day for months.

In England, religion is the idea that absorbs and dominates all others. The prisons and mad-houses are full of religious maniacs,

CHAPTER XII.

A very lengthy article by Cardinal Manning, entitled "The Child of the English Savage," which appeared in print several years ago, is interesting, and calls particular attention to the fact that the worst cases of cruelty and brutality practiced upon children and others are perpetrated by persons of apparent respectability—clergymen, barristers and others.

Writing on the subject of cruelty to children and the work of Mr. Benjamin Waugh's society, the editor of *The Modern Review* declares it to be an erroneous popular impression that the offenders belong exclusively to what are called the "lower" classes. The two main kinds of cruelty, violence and neglect and famine, have generally occurred in houses where there has been plenty for everybody but the children; and three of the most evolting cases occurred in families of good social position, one being in a long-esteemed county family, one in that of a well-connected legal aspirant to political fame, and one in the family of a gentleman occupying an important public position. In this class of cases, we are told, the difficulties of prosecuting are almost insurmountable. In one instance when Mr. Waugh was applying for a summons against the head of a county family for cruelty to his children, all the magistrates and even the very court officials were related to, or connected by marriage with, each other. After considerable trouble and expense one clerical personage, who had charge of a "home" supported by voluntary contributions, was convicted of cruelty to children, the details of which are sickening to read, and a fine of £400 was thought a sufficient punishment.

A dispatch dated London, May 12, 1892, says :

"A report issued by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has caused a sensation by the statements it contains relative to the cruel and ofttimes inhuman punishment inflicted upon children.

The crime of Mrs. Montagu, who claimed that she was impelled by such a high sense of duty that she was constrained to inflict extraordinary punishment upon her children for their souls' welfare, and who finally by this means caused the death of her three-year-old daughter, was believed to be exceptional.

That some parents wofully neglected and abused their children was conceded, but hardly anyone believed that such fiendish cruelty as is set forth in the report of the society could be systematically pursued in England.

The report makes special reference to Mrs. Montagu, and declares that hers is not an isolated case of cruelty in families of high social position.

The society has interfered with clergymen, officers, barristers and other members of the gentry, who it had learned were treating their children inhumanely.

Among the punishments people of this class inflicted upon the helpless children are mentioned, punishing a child by putting pins into its nostrils ; putting lighted matches in a child's nostrils ; biting a child's wrist and burning the wound with lighted matches ; biting the limbs of a seven-months-old baby till they bled ; keeping a baby in a cradle for weeks till toadstools grew around the child as a result of rottenness ; shutting up for hours in a dark closet a two-year-old child ; tying a rope around a boy six years old, dipping him in a canal, bringing him up, and when he has recovered dipping him in again, and repeating the operation time after time ; keeping a child always in a cool cellar till its flesh became green ; tying cords tightly round a child's little thumbs, then tying the extended arms to the foot of a bedstead and beating the child with a thorn bush.

Like Mrs. Montagu, some of the culprits pleaded their high sense of moral discipline and their regard for the victim's soul. One individual whom the society interfered with urged that he could not do his duty as set forth in the Bible without mutilating the face of his child.

The report of the society has caused considerable discussion, and it is hoped that the law will be invoked to its utmost to punish heartless parents.

It is thought that one effect of the report will be to put a stop to the mawkish sentimentality that seeks to procure the release of Mrs. Montagu from Londonderry jail.

The Duke of Fife was present at the meeting and made a strong comment on the shameful disclosures made. The most subtle cases of cruelty, he said, seemed to be perpetrated by persons of apparent respectability.

Mr. Fowler, M. P., suggested that legislation was needed to protect children. The most revolting recent instances of cruelty, he said, had occurred in families of affluence, and the creation of public opinion was wanted to fight the evil."

THE QUESTION OF CHILD DISCIPLINE.

To the Editor of *The Toronto Empire.*

Sir,—It seems to me that a useful and profitable discussion might take place in the columns of your paper on the subject of child discipline. It is a vexed question and for my part I should like to hear from various parents on the subject. In England birch in the boudoir is a common thing, and it is invariably applied to that part of the body which is associated in this country with the term "spanking." I have known English mothers to apply it to their daughters up to the age of seventeen and eighteen. During my residence in this country I have found a great many mothers averse to this form of punishment, and their children as a rule are pert and insolent to an extent which children of the past generation would not have

dared to dream of. A lady the other day said to me she could not understand how any mother who loves her child can ever raise her hand against it; that gentle reproofs and the deprivation of threats are sufficient punishment and that corporal punishment is a grave mistake. I have four daughters, the eldest being fifteen; they are good girls, love me dearly, and the greatest tenderness exists between us. The eldest girl I have not had occasion to punish for over a year. The others I occasionally find it necessary to punish. My experience at least has taught me that when children are disobedient or misbehave that there is no corrective to equal what is in this country called a "spanking," when it is soundly and judiciously administered. For the younger members of the family a light pair of taws or a slipper will be found most serviceable, but when a girl gets too large to be conveniently laid across her mother's knees her birch had better be used. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will give a corner in your paper to a discussion, which should be of interest to every woman.

Yours, etc.,

AN ENGLISH MOTHER.

Ottawa, January 11, 1893.

CHAPTER XIII.

When we take into consideration the fact that the writer of the following—Rudyard Kipling—is an Englishman, it may be said to be decidedly refreshing under the circumstances, and in the light of well-established facts. Oh! self-conceit, thou art a whole casket full of rarest jewels:

"The more I studied New York," says Kipling, "the more grotesquely bad it grew. It was bad in the pavement of its streets, bad in its police management, and bad in its sanitary arrangements. No one has approached the management of New York in a proper spirit, regarding it as a shiftless outcome of squalid barbarism and reckless extravagance. No one is likely to do so, because reflections cast on the long, narrow pig-trough are construed as malevolent attacks against the spirit and the majesty of the great American people and lead to angry comparisons. One of these days, you are told, everything will be taken in hand and put straight, and the unvirtuous rulers of the city will be swept away by a cyclone of popular indignation. At the same time the lawlessness ingrained by the governors among the governed during forty years of brutal levity of public conscience in regard to public duty, the toughening and suppling of public morals, the reckless disregard for human life, bred by impotent laws and fostered by familiarity with needless accidents and criminal neglect, will miraculously disappear.

In a heathen land three things are supposed to be the pillars of a moderately decent government. They are: regard for human life; justice, civil and criminal; good roads. Yet in this Christian city they think lightly of the first—their own papers, their own speech, and their own

actions prove it. They buy and sell the second at a certain price, openly and without shame, and are apparently content to do without the third. The blame of their city evils is not altogether with the gentlemen, chiefly of foreign extraction, who control the city. These find the people made to their hand, a lawless breed, ready to wink at one evasion of the law if they may profit by another, and in their rare hours of leisure content to smile over the details of a clever fraud."

Kipling makes considerable ado over the catarrh and other defects in American character. He was "bored" to death by the tall buildings, so he says, and at the vulgar display of American enterprise. This is the kind of criticism an Englishman invariably indulges in. It would be just like Kipling to say that American clubs ought to do their black-balling at home and not in the newspapers. He says such mean things about the Americans, Kipling does.

I have no liking for the professional politician who takes to public life as a trade, and, as a natural consequence, regards every question from the standpoint of personal interest. But he is infinitely less of a public pest and vastly more modest in his stealings than the type of legislators Rudyard Kipling admires. The class of English legislators who do not look to politics for a living, that is, those who are wealthy, would scorn the notions of boodling to fill their own pockets; but they have filled the statue books with the most villainous, unjust class legislation for the creation and maintenance of special priveleges. It is owing to the ascendancy of men who do not look to politics for a living because they and their ancestors have plundered the people for centuries, that needless, bloody and destructive wars are continually waged for the profit and glory of the upper classes, and that a standing army, a greedy state church and a host of legal abuses and sinecures are maintained to make positions for the nobility and gentry. This high-minded, patriotic, honest English landlord, or capitalist M. P., who does not go into politics for

a living, as compared with American politicians, is a vampire beside mosquitoes. The only difference is that the *conventional* English legislator robs legally and for his class, while the boodler steals for himself and in violation of law. But the moral and *material* injury inflicted on the community by class legislation is far greater than the like evils resulting from boodling. Not only are the robberies vastly larger in amount, but the moral sense of the people is destroyed by having wrong and villainous acts held up as right and wise and patriotic, and the worst of rascals elevated into high positions and posing as men of honor and principle.

CHAPTER XIV.

The papers have many sins to answer for, says New York *Truth*, but for none more heinous than the creation of that vapid, flatulent and hysteric conceit, Rudyard Kipling. He emerged from the gloom of India about three years ago. He wrote two short stories which were unconventional because they were the only short stories written in a decade which have not been made to fit the cast-iron restrictions of a magazine editor. So the papers discussed him. Then he grew apace. His verse flooded the press. It was rot, including the "Danny Deever" jingle. Then Mr. Kipling wrote a novel, "The Light that Failed," and it remains a soggy, dense and infinitely weary monument of the mental limitations of the man. But the syndicate managers got after him, and the papers bandied his name about until it became as familiar to newspaper readers as the names of Parkhurst, Spike Hennessy, Mother Mandelbaum and Col. Abe Slupsky. The effect upon Kipling was prodigious. He had notoriety and he needed money. So he wrote. In similar conditions Annie Walden also wrote. Hattie Adams is only a question of a few days more, and so the list of contemporary celebrities in letters goes on.

When Kipling began to write for the papers, he naturally wrote criticisms of people who did not belong to his own nation. This is what an Englishman invariably does. In all the length and breadth of the world, there is nothing quite so impressive as English criticism. Notable French, Austrian, German and Russian thinkers have contributed ideas of value to the world at large through criticism of other nations than their own, but instances where an Englishman has been able to add anything of value to

literature in this direction are as rare as violets in December. The make-up of the English mind is beyond the comprehension of other citizens of the world. The Englishman invariably starts out with the assumption that everything in his own country is superior to anything in any other country, and his reflections are so thoroughly permeated by egotism that they are valueless as other than mental studies of the writers themselves. Mr. Kipling's latest outburst in the London *Times* begins by announcing that New York is a pig trough, speaks of the citizens as a lawless breed of cattle, announces that we buy and sell criminal and civil justice openly in the court-house, and that this purchase and sale of judges is conducted without the slightest trace of shame.

It may strike most New Yorkers that there are elements of inaccuracy in his statements, but that feature of it all is not so astounding as the placidity with which Mr. Kipling institutes comparison between New York and London.

One thing that seems to cause him an endless amount of annoyance is what he calls the reckless disregard for human life in New York streets. Considering the wholesale slaughter of human beings in the Whitechapel district in London, the manner in which luckless pedestrians are slaughtered by hordes of abandoned women in Regent street at night, the murderous assaults of the East End in London, and the absolute and continued risk which a man runs after nightfall in that city, Mr. Kipling would seem to be suffering again from inaccuracy of observation. There is not a street in all New York where a man may not walk with absolute safety at any hour of the night or day. The record of assaults is so brief here that the statistics of the police have attracted the attention of the French and German municipal authorities, and the town is free from the horrible and iniquitous forms of vice which have made some of the streets of London—Cleveland street, for example—famous the world over. The most

stirring and stertorian chorus of Lord Tennyson's latest play is

"There are no men like Englishmen."

Civilization might well utter a congratulatory "Thank God!" for this sentiment.

While memory of the horrible scandals of recent years in London is green, the revolt of the home troops is fresh in mind, and the newspapers are filled with the cowardly and brutal assaults of Englishmen upon women in railway-train compartments, it might be well for English critics to cease throwing stones. The records of a single week in Great Britain show that no less than six women who were traveling in railroad trains registered complaints against Englishmen who were fellow-travelers. The Hon. P. Greville-Nugent, a magistrate and the brother of a peer, went to jail recently as a confessed assaulter of an English girl. The English papers, referring to such cases, are very bitter against the system of railroad cars in Great Britain. Yet cars of precisely similar pattern are to be found everywhere in Europe. It is only in England that women are forced to jump from the trains at the risk of their lives to escape assaults.

Another English critic announced, a short time ago, that England was and always would be the home of true and loving mothers. Mr. Gladstone referred to this in an eloquent way in Parliament, and praise is going round. Less than six weeks ago Mrs. Montagu was arrested, and is now serving a sentence for the inhuman brutality with which she punished her child; and the child had not been dead a week before a woman in Liverpool was arrested on a similar charge. This second British mother had tied her child up by the thumbs for seven hours in a dark room.

"The glory of English motherhood" seems to be a trifle frayed at the edges. On one hand we have the ecstatic laudation of themselves by English critics, and on the other we have the criminal records, particularly the re-

port issued by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in England. This report has astounded the civilized world. There is nothing that equals the cruelty of English women toward their children in any country on the face of the earth. Comparative statistics have been published by other nations, but one must go to England to find mothers who inflict punishments of inconceivable brutality upon their own offspring. As in the case of Mrs. Montagu, the parents pleaded their high sense of moral discipline and their regard for their victim's soul. It is hoped that one effect of the report will be to stop the present movement to have Mrs. Montagu removed from Londonderry jail. Meanwhile there is not an English critic on earth who will not denounce the "flippancy and frivolity" of American mothers and sing pæans of praise to "the glory of English motherhood."

This is wasting a good deal of powder on Kipling, but it is because he represents his nation in egotism and cant. He loathes New York, but he has a kind and gentle word to say for Vermont. Recently he married an American girl. She owns a farm in Vermont. Kipling is willing to sell some of it if he can work up a boom. And he detests our lamp-posts and could not walk our streets, which is sad and in its way suggestive.

"Wot is the infant yowlin' for?" says Bobby-on-Parade.
"That's a Briton, 'tain't an infant," the knowing Sergeant said.
"Wot's eatin' of the little man?" says Bobby-on-Parade.
"He's tried to drink a brewery," the knowing Sergeant said.

Mr. Kipling, he's been tippling, he is very rowdy dow,
The moon is multiplied by three, and things are anyhow.
Oh, the lamp-posts how they wobble! how polite the ash-cans bow!
An' he'll wish he hadn't done it in the mornin'.

Those who have been in the habit of reading English criticisms of other nations will observe that wherever he may go everything is a bore to the Englishman. Accord-

ing to his own confession nothing pleases him, and according to his own account nothing interests him. He has not a good word to say for anything or anyone.

The English newspapers disseminate more false reports about men and matters than any other newspapers in the world. The English are too proud to learn, while instinct is denied them.

CHAPTER XV.

The difference in the treatment of men, women and children, and in the moral tone of society, between America and Europe is greatly in favor of American civilization.

After all the exposures of the nastiness of the English "gentry," one is not surprised to learn that the British Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has revealed some novel modes of parental discipline in vogue among Britain's higher classes. The four Montagu children were confined for long periods without food in dark closets. They were tied to a tree; they were dragged along head downward, their bodies looking as though they had been scourged; they were kicked across the stable; their hands were put on hot pipes.

Wife-beating and thumping a policeman have long been recognized as unpunishable crimes in "Merrie England," but even the most devoted Anglo-maniac will feel his blood boil at the outrages practiced upon children by the "gentry." It looks as though Mr. Rudyard Kipling could find enough that needs correcting at home.

Americans and men of all nations, who have the milk of human kindness in their hearts, will stand aghast and appalled at the condition of things revealed among the higher classes of English brutes. There is no greater crime extant than the torture of helpless children. If the law should refuse to punish such inhuman acts in America, the people would quickly take the administration of justice in their own hands. The voice of every decent man of every clime and nationality will cry shame at the British nobility, who boasts of their flag floating upon every quarter of the globe, and yet who torture babes and

little children. God help the issue of the "gentry." It needs another Dickens to show them up and call public attention to their atrociousness.

In English cities it is a common occurrence to see a little girl of seven or eight years in front of a saloon soliciting alms while the father is spending the proceeds inside for drink, and I have frequently seen the father in such a case, come out and strike the child with clenched fist full in the face when the money was not forthcoming with which to buy another drink.

As Max O'Rell says, the English have no civic courage.

One can see more kindliness and more respect shown for the feelings of others in one hour's walk in Holland or Germany than in a whole lifetime in England. It is on this account that I have heard Englishmen say: "The Germans are soft."

In other words, kindliness, in the estimation of Englishmen, is a weakness to be avoided.

It is consideration for the feelings of other people that makes a lady or a gentleman. This is the main thing, no matter what an Englishman may say to the contrary.

One finds much to complain of as regards English ways in Canada, but the Canadians, in their treatment of women and children, are far in advance of brutal old England.

I have often heard Englishmen say that to pet a child too much is to make it effeminate, and they certainly practice what they preach.

If bluntness of speech, at times, has its advantages, it is equally true that there are occasions when it may not only be well dispensed with, but when it is a proof of the the best taste to do so. Were there nothing in the way in which a thing is put it would mean instant death to many of the refinements of literature, for these, considered in their essence, merely represent tact or skill in avoiding directness of expression, where at least imaginary good is accomplished or beauty gained by going the longer way round.

All prejudices should be avoided. This every one allows. That sweeping assertions should be just as carefully shunned is not so generally recognized, though a moment's reflection will show us that nothing is more apt to cause prejudices.

Many people have a habit of summing up, in a few caustic words, every one belonging to some certain profession or trade. In not a few cases they are guilty of downright slander, though were they told so their faces would doubtless express the greatest surprise.

"Slander indeed!" such an one would exclaim with the liveliest indignation. "I wouldn't be guilty of such a thing for worlds; I merely said all —— were dishonest."

Some men, too, have a way of speaking of women *en masse*. "Women are never punctual," is an expression often heard; but nothing more fallacious was ever uttered.

Other examples might be adduced in plenty. A certain lady sums up dogs as, "Nasty snapping brutes." Surely this is a grave insult to our canine friends.

Perhaps the most absurd instances are regarding nationalities and countries. It is no uncommon thing to hear people say: "All ——shire people are dull," or, "Ah, no wonder he is clever; he comes from my county, X.——"

This habit of hasty generalization is one which grows, but it should be severely restrained within limits with the pruning-knife of common sense.

"The English are the most brutal nation on earth!" exclaimed Count Lyof Tolstoi, the Russian master. "The English worship their muscle; they think of it, talk of it. If I had time I should like to write a book on their ways. And then their executions, which they go to see as a pleasure!"

"Defective as is Russian civilization in many respects," he says, "you will never find a Russian peasant like that. He abhors deliberate murder, like an execution. But an Englishman! If he were told to cut the throat of his own father and eat him, he would do it."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Englishman is the hypocrite of virtue. England is the home of shoddy. For example: The following unique advertisement has appeared in *The Times*, and also, with a trifling variation, in *The Morning Post:*

Mr. R. W. Davey, of London, has arrived at New York on his return trip from Central America, and is at present the guest of Mr. Vanderbilt, the millionaire.

Never before having heard of Mr. R. W. Davey, of London, I am burning for more information concerning this individual. Who is R. W. Davey? What has he been doing in America? Why is the fact of his being the guest of Mr. Vanderbilt deemed of sufficient public interest for publication as an advertisement in the London papers? Who wants to know where R. W. Davey has been? Who cares where he is now? Evidently R. W. Davey has a large circle of acquaintances who are deeply concerned about his movements, and I shall be glad if any of them will enlighten me on the above points.

The Toronto papers contain many such advertisements as the foregoing.

Toronto is intensely English, and if you go there to live, and are inclined to be industrious, honest, frank and generous, you will get the cold shoulder, and you will find that the unconventional are at the bottom, fleeced, trampled upon, discouraged, and too often despairing.

There is no individuality in Canada.

Canadians are all built on the same last.

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If you go to Toronto to live, and are capable of thinking of things other than business, brooms, dusters, dishes and kettles, you will be like a bear that walks from end

to end of his cage, back and forth, during every waking hour.

If you remain there long enough you may learn to control your feelings, you may not display your yearnings, you may not reveal how hungry, how restless you are ; and by and by you may settle down into a pitiable quietness, the sadness of which is unspeakable.

I have often gone out in the morning with a heart so depressed and saddened that a pall seemed to spread over all the world. But on meeting some one who spoke cheerily for a minute or two, even upon indifferent matters, have felt myself wonderfully lightened.

It is well to always speak a cheerful word when we can. "Every heart knoweth its own bitternes," the world over, and those who live in palaces are not exempt. Good words to such hearts are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

It is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word when the shadows rest on our hearts ; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing it.

When you have no opportunity to speak a cheering word, you can often send a full beam of sunshine into the heart of some sorrowing friend by writing a good, warm-hearted letter.

'If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Fringe his brow with sunset glow.

CHAPTER XVII.

Liberal and enterprising men are out of place in grotesque Canada. They are like fish out of water. The whole situation is idiotic to them. That class, to the tune of two million, have left for the States, and the country has kept the settlings, and is now, in one sense, enjoying perfect harmony. Occasionally the cream will be skimmed off by emigration. Canada is now a waveless pond, covered with a thick orthodox scum, without tide or current. The majority are as superstitious as they were in the States one hundred years ago, and they worship the same kind of a God.

The Canadian God is a great big Puritan, booted and spurred, with fire rushing out of his nose and ears, and armed with a blunderbuss ; a God who feeds on the flesh and drinks the blood of his enemies ; a God who hates heretics.

The Canadian God is no gentleman.

I have been in fully one thousand towns and cities in the United States, Canada and Europe, but learned something new while in Canada.

What a contrast is there to those who have been accustomed to the big-hearted, whole-souled people of the far West, their enjoyment of the moment, their unaffected heartiness of manner, and their unselfish kindness and sympathy.

Of course, the average of humanity in the West is more uncouth than in the East. In the hotels and dining-cars you see more men, and women too, eating with their knives, or with napkins tucked under their chins. West of Chicago you will hear three times as many persons sucking soup out of their spoons as east of that point. But

in kindliness, true, sincere politeness, absence of affectation and priggishness, they excel.

The ideal American is to be found in the far West, where the parentage is of two races. The intermixture of races is good for the body politic.

The western man differs as much from the Yankee as the Englishman differs from the German or Spaniard.

The restless activity, enterprising spirit and dauntless purpose of the western people have made the desert fruitful. Their royal indifference to small things is something superb. They are more interesting than eastern people. You have no difficulty in making their acquaintance. Confidence is all-pervading. One does not find so much of it anywhere else, not even in honest old Germany.

Where else on this earth can one find such openness of heart?

On the cars, especially, introductions and all other formalities are waived, and every man has the right to go to talking to his neighbor just as if he had known him a dozen years. It is the breezy way of the West. They are frank spoken, jovial and communicative. They are the most liberal people in the world. Greater hearts never beat in human breast. They are good to others more than to themselves. There is no English frigidity there; no turning pleasure into a funeral service.

The western people have warm hearts, full of emotion.

There is no danger of being tortured much with "bored" people there.

What a joy it is to meet people who do not spoil friendship by mean, personal interest.

There is less pious cant, less social hypocrisy in the West than in the East.

Many western people are poor, but the poor in the West are ambitious to better themselves. The poor in Canada and England are satisfied, sodden brutes.

In the Western States of America there is less religious persecution, less use of violence in robbing the indi-

vidual of his opinions, of his intellectual activity, of his property rights in his own mind, than in almost any other part of this world.

And it is well that it is so.

Life is very pleasant to the Westerners. There is "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." There is energy, earnestness and honesty. They are "rough diamonds."

The dismal life in Canada is almost stifling in comparison.

People who have more polish than principle use it lavishly; plain, honest men sparingly, or not at all. The basis of good society is, after all, goodness of heart. "After all is said and done," says Robert G. Ingersoll, "there is only one virtue—generosity."

It was a tender-hearted Californian who saved the murdered Severa Cisneros from burial in a pauper's grave, says a San Francisco paper. When he visited the undertaker's, where lay the bodies of murderer and murdered, he was perceptibly under the influence of liquor.

"Say, pard," said he to Carl Schussel, "that gal died afore she wanted to, didn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that feller there murdered her?"

"So it is said."

"And ye'r giving him a big burial?"

"His friends are."

"Yer say the gal's got to go to the potter's field?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Where's her mother?"

"She has none."

"But she had one onct, and she's to have a square deal and be buried right. Here's $20 to get her something to wear what's fit to be planted in. Here's $20 to get a better coffin with, and here's $10 for a broken wheel of flowers. Let's not have it said that old 'Frisco gives the murderer a bigger send-off than that poor girl what he killed. Good-by, old pard."

"What is your name, please? This is an act of rare generosity."

"Have a drink, pard, but my name's my own biz."

In speaking of California, its pleasant society, the freedom of action enjoyed by its citizens, and its big-hearted, whole-souled population, Sarah Bernhardt once said that San Francisco was the only city in the world worth living in outside of Paris.

Kind words are the music of the world.

After living in Canada several years, I am in a position to appreciate, as I never did before, the value of a pleasant smile, a cheerful word, or the touch of a kindly hand. Under such influences the cares of life can be forgotten, and gloom and ill-temper conjured away.

It has been said that laughter is the day, and sobriety is the night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and is more bewitching than either.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Delightful beyond description is Rev. Samuel Barnett's characterization of the politeness of the Japanese. "It is particularly refreshing to Americans," he says, "who are accustomed to our restless, pushing, crowding, blunt and abrupt ways. In Japan the traveler learns the lesson that all may be polite; cabmen and prisoners may be gentlemen." Think of a polite cabman; what an idea it is! Mr. Barnett remarks further: "I never saw more grace than that shown in the courtesy which passed between the governor of the prison at Kioto and a female prisoner." Fancy an exchange of drawing-room courtesy between the keepers of one of our police stations and the prisoners confined there! It would seem as if the world were coming to an end. If, moreover, an American should see the driver of a huge truck wagon waiting courteously for a street car or carriage to pass, instead of tearing through ahead of it and swearing and cracking his whip, it would certainly give him such a fit that he would most likely go off into a corner and die.

Japan is a country where all mankind are polite and sweet tempered to one another perpetually, where there is no quarreling, where the people are always gay and graceful. Grief and sorrow are crowded out of life as quickly as possible and forgotten. With all this sweetness and gentleness, however, the traveler finds the Japanese busy as bees, learning all that is best in western civilization. They are building railroads and telegraphs and establishing public schools and industrial colleges. Here, indeed, appears to be the nearest approach to Paradise to be found upon this globe. No wonder Sir Edwin Arnold loves Japan.

There are no more effective means of aiding our fellow-creatures and helping on the work of the world than politeness and civility. Kind words should be used to all. They are the oil which enables the wheels of daily life to run smoothly and keep in gear, as witness the following little incident :

Several winters ago a woman was coming from some public building, where the heavy doors swung back and made egress difficult. A street urchin sprang to the rescue, and, as he held open the door, she said : "Thank you," and passed on.

"Cricky ! d'ye hear that ?" said the boy to a companion standing near.

"No, what?"

"Why, the lady in sealskin said 'Thank ye,' to the likes o' me."

"Amused at the conversation, which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned around and said to him:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy ; remember that."

Years passed away and on one occasion, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same woman received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her :

"What a comfort to be civilly treated once in a while ;—though I don't blame the assistants for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said :

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness."

She looked at him with amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that her simple "thank you" had awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as errand-boy in the establishment where he was now honored and trusted.

Only two words dropped into the treasury of sweet conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in houses and lands.

Mr. R. Kipling curses the philanthropical interest which the average American takes in his fellow men. Mr. Kipling is the author of a book called "American Notes." He should have died before he wrote it. What an Englishman considers a fault, as a rule, is a virtue.

It is not pleasant to have one's virtues cursed as faults.

The highest test of a true gentleman is gentleness to servants and courtesy to the unfortunate. The man who can address a beggar with the same tones of voice which he would use toward a prince, is one of nature's noblemen—yea, a species of demigod, and fit to be worshipped by common humanity.

"There is no reforming power," says Colonel Ingersoll, "in brutality. A cross man is meaner than a thief. A cross man I hate above all other things. What right has he to murder the sunshine of the day? What right has he to assassinate the joy of life? I have great respect for every man who has tried to civilize my race. I divide this world into two classes—the cruel and the kind; and I think a thousand times more of a kind man than I do of an intelligent man. I think more of kindness than I do of genius. I think more of real good human nature in that way—of one who is willing to lend a helping hand, and who goes through the world with a face that looks like its owner was willing to answer a decent question—I think a thousand times more of that than I do of being theologically right; because I do not care whether I am theologically right or not. Let us preach that religion here until man will have more ambition to become wise and good than to become rich and powerful. Let us preach that religion here among ourselves until there are no abused or beaten wives. Let us preach that religion until children are no longer afraid of their own parents, and until there is no back of a child bearing the scars of a father's lash."

CHAPTER XIX.

Many of the women of Toronto are remarkable for their fresh complexions. Many of them are pretty.*

But Canadian women do not enjoy as much freedom of action as do the women of the United States. Conventionality keeps them in a narrow sphere.

The American girl, more than any other inhabitant of the great Republic, enjoys the liberty of her country. She is not forced to walk the plank every day of her life. Her rule of conduct is her own inclination, and as a result the United States has produced some of the most famous women the world has ever seen. And it is under such conditions only that women can ever hope to become famous. If, like the Canadian, she is forced to live all her life in a straight-jacket, called conventionality, but which may be termed slavery, it can not be expected that she will ever rise above the narrow sphere to which she is so firmly bound.

The Canadian girl does not require any more looking after than other girls, and the sooner this grandmamma-used-to-do-so code is thrown aside the better.

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* "English-looking, too, are the rosy faces of the Toronto ladies whom one will pass in a drive. How charming they are with the peach-like bloom that their outdoor exercise gives them! It cannot be described as it deserves, the sight of these pretty Canadian women. In her sleigh, the coachman in his curly black dogskin and huge busby on his head, muffled up to the chin, sits the radiant lovely *Canadienne*, the milk and roses of her complexion enhanced by the proximity of the dark furs. As they skim past over the white snow, under a glorious sunlit blue sky, one can call to mind no prettier sight, no more beautiful picture, to be seen on this huge continent.

One cannot help being struck, on coming here (Canada) from the United States, at the number of lady pedestrians in the street every Saturday afternoon.

They are not merely shopping, nor going straight from one point to another of the town, but taking their constitutional walks in the true English fashion. The clear, healthy complexion of the Canadian women is easy to account for, when one sees how deep-rooted, even after transplantation, is the good British love of exercise in the open air.

The Canadian lady is as delightful in manners as in appearance: English in her coloring and in her simplicity of dress, American in her natural bearing and in her frankness of speech." MAX O'RELL.

CHAPTER XX.

In Canada men ignore each other, or mutter through their closed teeth a "How d'you do?" which is equivalent to "Leave me alone; I have no time to talk to you." There is the bored look and the English coolness of manner; morose, frigid, and still preserving the same dread of happiness and joy as in the days of John Knox. If you should venture to volunteer any remarks you would receive no reply. Puritanism is carried even as far as to the kitchen. It would seem in Canada that man had been placed in this world to deny himself the good things that the Creator put in it.

In Scotland things are still worse.

Walter Scott relates that, when a child, he one day took the liberty of exclaiming before his father: "Oh! how nice the soup is!"

The Puritan parent forthwith ordered a pint of cold water to be added to it.

I know a Scotch Presbyterian minister who teaches the Lord's Prayer to his children, cane in hand.

You are given plainly to understand in Canada that you are not to enjoy yourself, and you soon find out that they are right. In the eyes of these gloomy people, gaiety is to be regarded with suspicion; a joke is a sin; for is it not an act of frivolity, and must not every idle word be given an account of one day?

It seems probable that there are yet many days of peace and plenty in store for the dervishes, the fakirs, and others who live in indolence upon the superstition and simplicity of the world. But then, perhaps the Scotch Presbyterians and the Digger Indians are right after all.

If you should ever happen to be invited by a man here to dine at his house, you will find that every one is motionless and silent. If you venture a remark, you will receive monosyllabic replies. You are asked if you will take a little more beef, and you reply: "No, thank you;" or, "If you please, but only a very small piece." Of these two alternatives you had better choose the first, it is more proper.*

Perhaps they have been taught that it is "good form" to go away from the table hungry when strangers are present or whenever they have any company.

Englishmen always eat dinner before they go out to dinner, because they know the risks they are running; but nobody ever warns the stranger, and so he walks placidly into the trap.

If you are asked, as you certainly will be, "Have you been long in Canada?" and, "How do you like it?" be sure to say how long you have been here, and that you like Canada very much. Do not venture into details, that would be a conversation, and nobody would be grateful to you for breaking the solemn silence.

"English Pharisees, French Crocodiles and other Anglo-French Typical Characters," is the title of a new book by Max O'Rell. This is the sixth volume of pasquinade by that keen-eyed and witty Frenchman.

Its most pungent satire is aimed at the English. This clever Gallic lampoonist frequently brings to mind Heine's commiserative ejaculation: "God help me, but I cannot love the English." He opens this book with the following squib:

People very often speak ill of their neighbors, not out of wickedness, but merely out of laziness; it is so much easier to do so than to study their qualities and all the circumstances that might oblige you to change your opinion. For instance, some fifty years ago a great English wit,

* "If you please—very little—Oh! plenty, thank you." A bit about the size of a walnut is put on the plate.—*Charles Dickens.*

Sidney Smith, said that it required a surgical operation to make a Scotchman understand a joke. Well, an English joke he probably meant. However, the satire was neatly expressed. When the English get hold of a good joke, and see it, it lasts them a long time. The Scotch are a hundred times more witty and humorous than the English; but John Bull still goes on affirming that it requires a surgical operation to make a Scotchman understand a joke.

"If such misunderstanding can exist between the English and the Scotch (says O'Rell,), just imagine what feelings the natives of a land can inspire in foreigners."

Lay, then, this golden rule to heart! Never attempt to be amusing; never venture into an anecdote; watch how anecdotes are received; hear the comment of your next-door neighbor at dinner upon them, and note how he invariably whispers confidentially in your ear that he has heard the story a thousand times before.

This is peculiarly an English trait.

"They open their oysters with prayer.

After you have been seated at table about an hour, you will be seized with a longing to shriek, or to pinch your neighbor, to ascertain whether he is alive or only pretending. You had better mind, or you would not get invited again, which you would regret very much."

Although Mr. Depew tells his stories at many dinner-tables in England, from that of the Prince of Wales down, he has not a very high opinion of English appreciation of his humor. He tells a story in illustration of their slowness:

"At a private dinner in England I told the very best story I could think of. It was greeted with a little laughter. Next day I met my host on the Strand. He advanced to me smiling, began to laugh as he grasped my hand, and said: 'Do you know, Depew, that was a capital thing you got off last night, capital. And, do you know, I have just this minute been thinking what a capital thing it was. The point of the joke has just come to me.'

"I said: 'Why it must have traveled to you on a freight train.'

"'My dear Mr. Depew,' said the Englishman, 'I assure you I have not seen any freight train. I assure you I haven't, 'pon honor.'"

Mr. Depew told this story to an Englishman who had been in America for a long time. One of the officers of the Central road was with him in Mr. Depew's office when the story was told. The Englishman gave a courtesy laugh, a forced and feeble "ha, ha." When he turned into Duval's office and the door of the President's room had been shut, he remarked, anxiously, "I say, what the blazes did Depew mean by that freight train?"

The Scots don't like to be twitted about the surgical operation and the joke. Here is Mr. Depew's account of what happened at a Scotch dinner in New York:

"Speaking at a St. Andrew's Society dinner, I remarked that if my jokes were not always appreciated immediately by the Scotchmen, by the time the next yearly dinner came around they had always seen the point. 'I don't think that's a very funny thing to say,' growled a handsome old Scot who was sitting beside me. 'Oh,' said I, 'that's all right. You'll see the fun in it a year from now.'"

CHAPTER XXI.

One of the prejudices of English people is their love of dress. They must be *en toilette*. They dress when they get up, and know nothing of the delights of a dressing-gown and slippers. In the evening, at an hour when we resume those cherished garments, consecrated to ease and intimacy, they "dress themselves up as if for parade or a village procession."

"This would be all very well when receiving guests,' says a French writer, "but no, Monsieur has no one with him but Madame, or perhaps he is dining absolutely alone, and yet he will put on evening dress before sitting down to table. You will not believe me, but I swear that I have seen it."

In no city in the United States of the same size as Toronto can there be found so much effort made for outside show in proportion to one's means, so much brilliant misery. There is no other place where poverty is so cunningly concealed.

If a man has not credit enough to purchase a wooden toothpick, you may depend upon it he will sport a good suit of clothes. I think people there care more for money and pay more attention to clothes than in any other part of this world. They spend money rioting in clothes. If you don a new hat, or a new coat, or a new pair of shoes in Toronto, you will at once be regarded with increased respect.

If you wish to rent an office, store, or house, your general appearance and make-up, will be, in many cases, carefully noted, and if it does not give entire satisfaction, or if your coat is the least trifle threadbare, or your hat objectionable, you will be carefully scrutinized, and you

may be entirely ignored, or, perhaps, even treated with contempt. In other words, you may in many cases be unable to do any business at all.

It is what is done to keep up appearances that destroys the equilibrium between outgo and income, and makes life a drudgery and vexation.

It is better to substitute comfort for show and to remember that "those who are contented are rich."

"Yes," said an out-of-town young lady to a Canadian the other day, "Canada has beautiful horses, ugly men, and women without taste in dress." He was about to resent this savage attack, when she went on again: "Look at your men—look at yourself—nothing but collars and pants to the crowd of you." He wilted, and succeeded in turning the conversation into another channel, much to his relief. "But just think of it, boys!" he says. "We are all 'collars and pants.' How uncomfortable it makes us feel to have a band of white linen sawing at our ears, and about ten yards of surplus cloth winding round our legs, while out-of-town girls amuse themselves laughing at us. What say you if we make a move in the direction of dress reform?"

As I said before, a man is always measured here by surface measures and never by his real worth, so that there is always an inducement to have the apple sound and sweet on the outside. It matters not in the least whether it is rotten at the core or not.

CHAPTER XXII.

I had occasion to cross the Atlantic Ocean some time ago on an Allan steamer, from Montreal to Liverpool, and as the majority of the passengers were young British snobs, their little talent of making themselves disagreeable came out more strongly on shipboard. They would look upon their fellow travelers with a jaundiced eye, in that sulky, suspicious, and provoking English way.

They would not walk up and make friends under any circumstances.

A stranger would approach me and ask a question. As a rule, he would put the usual list of *three* stereotyped questions to you, viz.:

"What is your Name?"

"Your Business?"

"Where do you Live?"

and as I would reply to him he would, as a rule, turn his back to me, or else regard me with cynical indifference; and if I should afterwards venture to make a remark, the chances are that he would not make any reply, or would not open his mouth to me during the rest of the voyage.

The love of dress—that great English characteristic—was especially noticeable on shipboard among these English snobs. In their efforts to impress their fellow passengers with the size of their wardrobe some of these fellows did little else save to change their clothes two and three times a day, and talk in an affected tone of voice.

They had nothing to say but absurd commonplaces.

One always feels uncomfortable with them. You hear no man speak friendly or kindly of another. A vain and conceited popajinny struts about. Two-thirds of them are somewhat crazy on the subject of their own importance.

They are inordinately selfish, self-confident, rough, aggressive, indifferent as to the rights of others, sardonic and contemptuous in their estimate of either superiors or inferiors. Their faculties are perverted. The world could well do without them.

A person will hear little from them but sneering remarks. There is no friendship, no good will or right feeling. There is malice towards all.

I have often asked them how it was that they could feel so vindictive towards people whom they never met before, and of whom they knew nothing, and who never did them any harm.

It is unnecessary to say that many persons, when in this kind of company, are sure to thoroughly hate each other in a very short time.

It is the English way.

Some men, on the voyage referred to, would venture to speak to each other, slowly and cautiously, carefully measuring each word as if to study the effect in advance, and as if afraid to move for fear of being sneered at or criticised. Many would not engage in conversation at all, but would only venture to make a few conventional remarks, absurd commonplaces, fault-finding remarks, and, as usual, the customary sneers and scurrilous remarks regarding their fellow passengers, etc.

This is intensely English.

Abuse does not bring conviction, and they have yet to learn this: "There is no reforming power in brutality." That is more an evidence of ignorance and narrowness of mind than anything else.

Prejudice always costs one more than he can get out of it, and the man who advocates it shows a deplorable want of sense.

Go where you will among the English and you meet with little else save malice and spleen, and that brutal indifference in their attitude towards strangers that keeps one at a safe distance.

There is no liberality under any circumstances.

It is a good deal as Cardinal Manning says :—"The worst men among them, and some of the most brutal, will be found among the so-called better class—clergymen, barristers and others."

They will look upon every stranger with the most cynical indifference. Occasionally one of them will come along and stare at you in a contemptuous way, and if you return the stare you will observe a triumphant sarcastic sneer.

This is intensely English.

Your walk and even the tone of your voice will be carefully noted and criticised, the latter sometimes at great length.

" You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go.
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew—
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do,
And people will talk.
'It's English, quite English, you know.'

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed—
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool ;
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.
'It's English, quite English, you know.'

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain ;
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.
'It's English, quite English, you know.'

If threadbare your dress, or old fashioned your hat,
Someone will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way ;
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.
'It's English, quite English, you know.'

If your dress is the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape ;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid ;
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made,
For people will talk.
'It's English, quite English, you know.'

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease ;
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse ;
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use—
For people will talk.
'It's English, quite English, you know.'"

The great American ape was also on board the ship, on the occasion of which I have spoken. I refer, of course, to the Anglo-maniacs—those Americans who endeavor to ape English manners and copy English ways. These young snobs who have a mania for running over to Europe every season when they should be at home attending to their business, are usually not the kind of persons to rescue you if you should happen to fall into deep water. They are not much good at stopping a runaway horse or pulling a woman or child out of a burning house. But their collars are immaculate.

The fashionables in America do not seem to be making a deep impression upon their countrymen. This is much to be regretted, as several very well-dressed people have asserted more than once that an aristocracy is indispensable to a high state of civilization ; and when a statement of this kind is made by a person who has attained prominence in fashionable society, one wants to believe it if it is a possible thing. Fashionable people are better dressed than the literary or scientific classes, and their utterances should have weight, but the ridicule which has so relentlessly attached itself to them in their diminutive past shows healthy signs of maintaining its grip for an indefinite period to come.

Once in a while some sober-minded person discourses seriously upon them and prevents our forgetting what a

solid mortification they are to the better class of Americans. Mr. Thomas Davidson, for instance, in *The Forum*, says :

"Thousands of American young men, of fair education and excellent possibilities, captivated by the pictures of English aristocratic life drawn in English novels, are learning to despise the simple, rational, useful life of the worthy American citizen, and to court consideration and vulgar popularity by adopting the habits, and leading the useless lives, of English lords. As is usual in such cases, the copy is a caricature of the original. The untitled American lord proves usually to be a vulgar creature, having to assert his self-conferred lordship by all that is most unattractive, most inhumane, and most un-American—and it is a good deal—in the English aristocrat. In England, aristocracy has no need to display or to obtrude itself ; in America it can exist only by display and obtrusion. For this reason the American would-be nobleman must necessarily court attention and try to strike the vulgar imagination by the mere accidentals of aristocracy, such as any boorish Dives can command—houses, horses, turnouts, yachts, opera boxes, and the like. And the vulgar are impressed by such things, bow down in servile reverence before them, and do their best to make a similar display.

"If all the sacrifices which degenerate American fathers and mothers have made to buy titled husbands for their daughters were recorded, they would form a revelation so ignominious that it would not be believed ; and, after such a revelation, patriotic Americans would hardly dare to look foreigners in the face. But even without such a revelation the conduct of many of our countrywomen abroad, and especially in England, is enough to make every self-respecting American hide his head for shame."

It is interesting to watch an average party of English buffoons at the table at meal time on shipboard. There is

the fellow with the claw-hammer coat who eats his soup with a fork.

"The big ikes."

"The shoddy genteel."

"The once was, but now busted."

And then there are the men and women who discard their own pronunciation and endeavor to talk in an assumed tone of voice—the articulation of the cockney—but who sometimes so far forget themselves as to converse in their natural tone.

It is ape like.

As in all great gatherings there are many good, so it would be absurd to ignore here the presence of many honest-minded, clever-headed, true-hearted gentlemen, but they are largely relegated to the rear. The brainless fops, dressed like guys, mannered like apes, soulless, aimless, are the favorites of the hour. I have seen groups of these people that would put caged monkeys to the blush.

The man would take his life in his hands who would go so far as to express his feelings among such people in an earnest manner on any subject, as this would be the worst possible breach of "good form," but among themselves this never troubles anyone, for there are no "feelings" to express.

There is no aristocracy in Canada in the European sense, though there is a self-constituted "upper ten." There are people who think they were born into this world just one degree higher than their fellows, and before they admit you into any familiarity whatever with them, they inquire after the standing of your grandfather, according to which you are afterwards rated. If your grandfather happened to be a cobbler, you are, in their estimation, a cobbler, even though you may be a banker, a lawyer, or even a minister of the Crown.

With them merits count as nothing.

If they discover that you are associating with any person who does not exactly meet with their approval, or

should you resent the assumption that one should not be allowed to use his heart or brains beyond the limits set for their exercise by conventional theory, or, if you should, in an unguarded moment, happen to act or talk, or make a move in any way that is not precisely according to long established custom, you may depend on it, you will be piteously "boycotted" as a black sheep.

They do not always knock you down at every opportunity, but you can put some people through more severe torture than personal violence.

Unless he be a great *diplomat*, the victim of such ungracious treatment must burn with mortification, and an oppressed sense of being at a disadvantage. He can never hope to float down stream in the company of his tormentors.

There is nothing harder to fight than noncomprehension, and nothing that entails more perplexed suffering.

Canadians will squeeze all the information they can out of you in order to gratify a morbid curiosity, but there is no philanthropic interest taken in your behalf. Any and all conversation such as would lead to friendship is strictly prohibited by an unwritten law that is not understood even among themselves.

They will endeavor to force you to tell them all you know. Then they will drop you hard.

After they have become well acquainted with you they will, the greater part of the time, be careful to engage only in such conversation as is best calculated to wound your feelings, taking evident pleasure in telling you of any or all of the mean or derogatory things they have heard others say of you, etc., etc.

This is peculiarly an English trait.

At certain times, at certain places, under certain circumstances, should you in an unguarded moment happen to speak to one with whom you are only slightly acquainted, in an earnest way upon certain subjects, as if you really meant what you said, you would find when too late that you had committed a very serious offense against

his ideas of good form, and you are likely to be boycotted to a greater or less extent the next time you meet.

If you refuse to prostitute your brains to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, and are one who finds pleasure in speaking what you believe to be the truth, they will make life as uncomfortable for you as possible. You must not show any feeling in any matter, it is not "good form."

If the average Canadian should hear the most trifling things said against you, true or untrue, the least whisper of scandal, it will invariably travel all over town like wildfire, and he will run around among those who know you, and approach even the strangers whom he may have happened to see you speak to on the street, and advise them as to the impropriety of being seen in your company, or as to the injury that will be done to himself in case he is seen associating with you.

This is peculiarly an English trait.

The above is not exaggerated in the least. Many in Canada will vouch for its truth.

And, furthermore, in many cases this applies to the very lackey at the door, the bootblack, or any manner of serving man, and as many Canadians have much spare time which can be devoted to annoying one another, they will generally leave no stone unturned that will serve to make everyone as much trouble as possible.

Such a man might well be placed in a thimble filled with earth and manure and set out in the rain to grow up and enlarge.

Shakespeare has well said :

"Who steals my purse steals trash ;
'Tis something, nothing ; 'Twas mine,
'Tis his and has been a slave to thousands ;
But he who filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

"A good name is better than a golden girdle."

"Good name in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

If a man in Canada should happen to be philanthropically inclined toward his fellow men, and should be seen or known to help another along who happened to be in trouble, he would generally be discouraged from doing it by being told that the party in distress is "no good," or that he is a "bum," etc.

This is another English trait.

They are very vindictive and unforgiving in their churlishness. A few of them appear to realize it all, and sometimes seem to be ashamed of one another among themselves when brought to book.

These English-Scotch-Canadian people were always telling me how they are not interested in such and such a thing, and that such and such a person does not interest them, etc., and also how such and such a thing "bores" them, or what a "bore" this or that person is, etc., or they will enquire if such and such a person "bothers you any now."

They like no one, take no interest in any person or thing, and certainly no one likes them.

What a dreadful thing it must be to be bored so. What agony they must be in, to be sure. They must suffer greatly.

You meet men in Canada with whom you have become acquainted, who will stop you on the street and ask you for information about something that may perhaps concern themselves only, and while you are attempting to explain to them what you know about the matter, they will look up at the sky, and then begin to talk about something else.

A man is always more cheerful when he knows that some one is taking an interest in him.

The hired man hates to work for an employer who does not know when a good day's work has been done. He feels that he gets no credit for it, and is just as liable to be blamed as if he shirked all he could. Usually, in such a case, he shirks. If you know what a day's work is

praise the workman a little when he has done one, and find fault when he has not. Almost every man likes to be patted on the back and called a good fellow once in a while.

To men and women everywhere with pathetically appealing, love-hungry hearts, whose every beat has a throbbing, eager desire to be liked, to please, to acquiesce, to escape blame, and who love to sail on the smooth and pleasant sea of general praise and approval, my advice is to keep away from the English-Scotch-Canadians and their ways, whatever else you do, for to be with them is being roasted at a slow fire; it's being stung to death by single bees; it's being drowned by drops; it's going mad by grains.

There is a practice common in England, known as sending a person to Coventry. To "send one to Coventry" is a term in very common use in Great Britain, meaning to take no notice of a person, never to speak to him; in fact, to ignore his existence entirely, though he may be a member of the same family. It is a common method adopted by young men in English schools to punish an unpopular companion.

This puts me in mind of the practice so common in Toronto with men who patronize a certain shop (a cigar store, for instance), and meet there another person whom they do not like, to warn the proprietor as to the great injury that will be done to his trade in case the unpopular party is allowed to frequent his place of business.

Self-assurance, self-conceit is everything in Toronto. Without it you are nowhere, no matter who or what you are.

They have too many "smart" men there. They are a drug in the market.

This reminds me of a story I heard of a well-known London banker, who, when asked why it was that his bank always made money during certain seasons of great business depression when other banks had a hard time to make

ends meet, replied that the success of his bank was owing to the fact that they never had any "smart" men about the place. The point was well taken. "Smart" men are a public nuisance.

Among Toronto's "four hundred" the "best" people know each other well, and he who is entitled to rank in the first class, and who is not *persona grata* in one house is *non persona grata* in all the rest.

Here the young man who has society aspirations must be very careful indeed.

He may owe his tailor stupendous sums, he may drink too much when the best people are snugly tucked between the sheets, he may play draw poker with ordinary people. All of these things detract not from his right to be considered one of the respectables. But he must not smoke cigars on the street in daylight—that would be beyond forgiveness. If he risk the displeasure of the best people he takes his life into his hands, so to speak, and then the cards will soon cease coming to him. And then the chances are that he will join the ranks of the Uninvited. With his means of amusement gone, he has naught else to do but drink.

This is sober earnest.

I doubt that there is a town in the world (outside of Canada or Great Britain) in which a young man has such unrivaled opportunities of going wrong as in Toronto.

The consciousness that influence is the key to advancement, is death to wholesome ambition. In that consciousness the young man learns nothing. His work is uninteresting. He dawdles away the better part of his life. He has nothing to live for. His life is objectless.

Let no one envy Canadians. Their lot is sad. There is a certain amount of freedom in Canada, but *there is no independence.*

If the earth is small, Canada is large, in its own opinion, but the Canadians themselves are small. No man is interested in any other man, or in anything he says or

does, unless there be some cold-hearted calculation of care for personal interest behind.

They enter into nothing; nothing interests them; there is never any fresh subject for conversation. In fact, there is no subject at all.

If you go with the average male Canadian to a place of amusement or anywhere else, you will invariably be obliged to pay all expenses, and do all the talking and all the entertaining. And then, again, you can not possibly say or do anything to please them. And, furthermore, you will be surprised to find yourself boycotted the next time you meet for what you did say, or treated like a thief or looked upon as if you were the most dangerous of criminals.

I never yet came across a Canadian who would make any effort to keep his end up. They will sponge off you every day for months, and in the meantime not so much as offer you a cigar.

This is an English trait.

If you call to see a man at his home or place of business very often, you are in luck if you are not suspected of stealing a pair of scissors, or other trifling article, which may have been mislaid, or which for any reason cannot be found by the owner. I have, under such circumstances, been under suspicion many times.

I tried for three years to like the Canadians, but finally gave it up. Ten to one they will fall sound asleep while you are talking to them. You will not believe me, but I swear that it is so. Nothing serves to keep them awake but smutty stories, which interest most of them more than anything else.

I have read considerable of English narrow-mindedness and illiberality, but did not realize to what extent it could be carried until I had spent a few months in Canada.

Several times I have seen strangers in town at the restaurants; persons almost unacquainted with the English language. While engaged in conversation among

themselves, some one would step up and say, "Sir, be good enough to talk English."

Enterprise, or admiration of it, in Canada is vulgar. It is not even fashionable to pay debts, for in England it has been said only vulgar, common people pay their debts.

Speaking of English peculiarities, there is no place on earth where the financier becomes so puzzled to know how the great folks manage to live. Take for instance the fat, genial, witty old Duchess of Teck, penniless, as every one knows, bankrupt, in debt, and yet money flows through her plump hands like water. She is said to be the brightest talker in Great Britain, and strings her enormously stout neck and arms with glorious jewels, worth a king's ransom. It is well enough to believe that densely dull or over-ambitious tradespeople are willing to supply a ducal establishment for the prestige such patronage bestows, but surely with so lavish a lady as Her Grace of Teck, the price would be too high for any one establishment to bear a great length of time. But then titled English people thrive on debt. Men and women are scarcely counted fashionable who pay as they go; and as all of one's acquaintances and friends are in the same condition, there is nothing to be ashamed of or to worry over in owing twice the value of one's entire property.

CHAPTER XXIII.

An American, wherever he goes, carries with him the hospitality, frankness and enterprise of his country, and expects to find it in others; but to the men of Canada civility and liberality are unknown, comfort is unheeded, innovation is treason, and dynamite lurks in all suggestions of improvement. Their motto is: If a friend changes his mind he is a traitor. If a stranger does not think as you do he is a fool.

Canada is a great school. One can learn a great lesson there. I would not have missed it for worlds. It is the greatest school I have ever been in. One can gain wisdom by coming in contact with all kinds of people.

A man's education is not complete who has not lived a few months, at least, in Canada.

It has been said that when a person is so situated that he is not allowed to think for himself and do what he likes, so long as he does not physically attack another, he is less than a man. And when a person voluntarily subjects his brain and will to another, he makes his disgrace deeper by regarding it as if it were a virtue.

We hear of the stone age, the iron age, the bronze age, the age of chivalry, etc. This is the age of cowards.

The prevailing characteristic of the civilized portion of the human family is cowardice.

We are afraid to say what we think, to do as we should like, to take what we want. We are afraid to be poor, to lose caste, to go to prison, to die. And so we are dumb, driven cattle.

In the *Harleinan Miscellany*, the traveler who has discovered Macaria, informs his questioner that the laws against new opinions in that country are very strict.

"If any divine," he says, "shall publish a new opinion to the common people, he shall be accounted a disturber of the public peace, and shall suffer death for it."

What a joy would such a kingdom be to the made-up minds of the old fossils of Canada. In every act or fact about them there is hopeless stubbornness. It is hard to get new ideas into old brains. To a certain extent the human brain resembles cement. In early years it is plastic, but when once it becomes set, it is very liable to remain so, and grow harder with the lapse of years.

If you tell them anything in Canada that they can not understand, you will observe that it is received with a triumphant, sarcastic sneer. Originality in anything always surprises those people. They look upon it with suspicion and regard the proposer of it as a fit subject for an insane asylum. An original idea of any kind will be sneered at. They will misinterpret your every uncoventional word or act.

It is not often that you will hear a man there say: "I was wrong;" or "I made a mistake;" or "You are right."

Canadians are not built that way.

That kind of a man seldom remains there long. He goes to the States and Canada keeps the settlings.

A true ring on any subject means to Canadians a lack of training. They will try to show you that it is uncouth to be natural, and vulgar to be real. You must be a fictitious copy of somebody else or you will not be in good form. Everything must be done by rule or according to long established custom.

Generosity and liberality among men in Canada are things unknown. Their egotism has a biceps muscle on it like a loaf of Vienna bread. *There is no self-criticism.* These people see the splinter in other people's eyes, but never the beam in their own. They are living in the fool's paradise and believing that they are *the* people. They are the sublimely conceited people of the kind of

whom George Eliott said she could not pity, for the reason that they carry their comfort about with them.

Canada is a mountain of matchless self-conceit.

The superabundance of confidence which Canadians have in themselves, their indifference to the opinions of others, their total disregard for the feelings of others, is something remarkable.

If you look for fair play in Canada you will wait till the moon is old and the sun is cold; or until the devil goes into the ice business.

In all times there are "born fools" who never spell discretion, which Pericles declared the noblest possession of human beings; or who never comprehend the meaning of "the fitness of things." Rochefoucauld observed that "there are persons fated to be fools, who commit follies not only by choice, but are forced by fortune to do so." But those stupid fools who cannot understand without external assistance, what the cat should be doing in the dairy, are perhaps outnumbered in Canada by those who do not lack in brains or wit, but who are self-made fools through vanity or false ideas. The most trying and ubiquitous is the conceited fool, who is perfectly certain of being always desirable, always successful; who is saturated with belief in his own astuteness; whose knowledge of men, women (on this latter subject particularly profound), and affairs is such that he can be given no "points," and who states his opinion, sought or unsought, on any matter, as though he were playing the right bower.

The feminine complement of this individual is the woman who may be described as a well-gowned assumption; who affects a critical knowledge of art, music, literature, because such knowledge is, so to speak, the trade-mark of a desirable culture; who absorbs flattery as an alderman a cocktail; who enthuses over a new author, actor or preacher, or a sentiment which she has, in truth, no more soul to comprehend than the mocking bird has the spirit to appreciate the glory of the sun, beneath which it

works its little throat. Said such a young woman recently, in speaking of one of the most eloquent and scholarly of pulpit orators, whose essays have become modern classics: "Oh, I think he is just lovely, but one can't deny that he makes grammatical errors."

The folly of the conceited fool of either sex seldom vanishes with years; it simply solidifies. As Thackeray remarks: "How can you make a fool perceive that he is a fool? Such a person can no more see his own folly than he can see his own ears."

In the United States, such is the respect for the opinions of others, that the wildest, most incongruous ideas do not raise a murmur. Men will smile and seem to say: "What a droll idea!" And if the droll idea is expressed wittily, the speaker will be applauded; but, as I said before, Canada is a country where generosity and liberality are unknown.

Ages of subjection to their leeching rulers have reduced some men to the infinitude of economic meanness and rendered them constitutionally unfit for the advanced phases of life.

In the eyes of these beings with wooden heads and straw brains (particularly among those who have not traveled), an enterprising American is a lunatic, a vulgar person who does nothing like other people. What they would call eccentricity in a man is but an intense form of activity; but for certain people, with narrow ideas, eccentricity and madness are but one and the same thing.

The American may be eccentric, or what you will, but he is never monotonous.

"It is very seldom," said the waitress in a Toronto restaurant, "that you meet one man different from the rest. They are all tuned to the same key, and that key is conceit. There isn't an old man who comes in here regularly but believes that all us girls are 'dead gone' on him. Old, homely, without eyes or teeth, or hair on top of his head, he still thinks that wherever he goes he leaves be-

hind him broken-hearted women. I s'pose you think men come here just to eat. Well, they do; but anybody to look at them would think that their chief purpose was to whisper chitchat to the waitress, and look killingly every time she passes.

And they are all alike, married or single. If they only knew how tired it makes us, perhaps they would quit.

I tell you it is refreshing when, once in a long time, a man comes in for the purpose of having a meal, who piles into grub, and seems not to mind us any more than if we were men.

When that sort of a man strikes the place and leaves it without any of his little flirty tricks of the general run, we girls just do admire him, and wouldn't mind if he was a little more sociable."

How on earth those Canadians ever contrive to make love to a woman is past all imagination. A polar bear would as soon show sentiment. I cannot picture these men suing for a woman's heart, but only ordering her to give it to them, as they would order a servant to bring them their boots.

SELFISH MAN!

"Men are abominably selfish," said a friend of mine the other day. She was a woman, of course, and, moreover, a young, clever, and wonderfully attractive example of her sex. "Are they?" I asked. "In what particular aspect?" "In every aspect. Consciously or unconsciously, it matters not. I have a—let us say a beau. It hasn't quite come to sweethearting yet. I know he believes himself the kindest, most generous, most attentive of men. He vows he thinks the world of me and would do anything under the sun for me. But does he ever, do you imagine, does he ever attempt to carry out any part of this rash vow? Does he ever put himself out to perform the slightest act that would give me happiness? Never! He likes to share all sorts of pleasures with me. He will escort me to

the theatre, and is delighted to have me to sup with him afterwards. He will spend extravagant sums for a swell Victoria that we may drive in the park on a pleasant Sunday afternoon. He appears provoked unless I permit him to buy me flowers when we walk out together. In all these ways he is good—very good, indeed. But apart from these he is as selfish as a stone. Does he ever send me a flower on a day when he does not expect to call? Or candy? Or books, or gloves, or any of the little tokens that a woman may properly accept from a man to whom she is not as yet definitely engaged? Does he ever try to make me happy except when it is something he himself can share in? Oh, no! And the average man is just the same. It is a rare kind of a masculine being who is unselfish enough to think 'How shall I give her happiness' instead of 'How can I enjoy myself and, *en passant*, allow her to partake of my pleasure?' Is it any wonder that women as they grow older grow more prosaic in contemplation of this sort of thing, and that many of them school themselves to a belief that, 'Well, men are only good for just what one can get out of them anyway? Awful pigs.'"

When my pretty young friend had ceased speaking I fell into a meditative spell. Was she right or wrong? I tried to call up all my own few experiences. Alas! The altruism of mankind, and even of the most ardent wooers, was very faint upon my recollection. The proposition, "Men are abominably selfish," glared at me defiantly. I felt unable to refute it. As my pretty friend had said, they are willing enough to share their own pleasures with another, but to give pleasure in which they themselves are not participants, that is quite beyond them. I had not thought of it before, but men are selfish. The young ones from thoughtlessness, the old ones from love of "ego." I would like to know one man, would be glad to discover him by an advertisement even, who is capable of considering how to give happiness to the woman he professes to

care for without first consulting his own convenience and pleasure.

It has been said that a woman makes an ideal for herself out of the man she loves, but a man never sees his ideal in any woman. This remark shows very well the different schools in which the sexes are educated.

Men know what real life is, women do not.

CHAPTER XXIV.

There are some rich people in Canada, but they are not, as a rule, the "fashionables." Those to whom I refer, when I say fashionables, are such as copy English styles and ape English manners, without either the income or the breeding to succeed as English swells. They want to be "English, don't yer know," but through some mistake or other they were born in Canada. To make up for this misfortune—a misfortune, by the way, which they never cease to deplore—they copy everything English so closely that one has only to consult the bottoms of their trousers to ascertain what kind of weather they are having in the English metropolis. Half-masted trousers on a Canadian dude are as sure a sign of rain in London as a low barometer is of a wet spell at home.

My readers may think this statement a weak attempt at poking fun at the dudes, but it is not; there are hundreds of observant Canadians who will bear me out in it. And not only do the Canadian dudes roll up or lower their trousers in accordance with the cable reports of the English weather, but their collars, their canes and their eyeglasses are purchased in accord with the prevailing styles of England. Even the speech that God gave them—the Canadian pronunciation—is discarded for the murderous articulation of the cockney.

When Zimmerman, the bicycle rider, visited Toronto he almost unvariably carried an unlighted cigar between his teeth, although he does not smoke. He brought the fad with him from England, and now two-thirds of the Toronto bicyclers and many other people ape the dry-smoking habit.

One need not be afraid of hurting a man's feelings in Canada. The people there are as stubborn as a bull dog,

as obstinate as a mule. If you wish to make an impression you must go armed with a club or shotgun.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie was right when he said : "They do not appear in the eyes of the world one-half as formidable as they appear to each other. It matters not how good an opinion they may have of themselves, the point is how others regard them.

"The annexation of Canada to the United States would double the value of everything in Canada, *including the men of Canada.*"

The average Canadian finds in your every act something to sneer at or find fault with. To the close observer there is always visible a triumphant, sarcastic sneer. A continual, never-ending, incessant sneer. There is no let up to it. They are continually scoffing, jeering, backbiting and villifying any and every one, and covering each other with odium. It is their inborn disposition. It is a second nature to them. It is in the Norman blood. Kind words among them would produce a strange and startling sensation. It would sap the foundation of their whole being.

The talent for turning everything into ridicule, and sneering at any and everything, is the qualification of little minds and ungenerous tempers. Men and women with this cast of mind cut themselves off from all manner of improvement.

A brute can face a sword, but it takes other than brute courage to face a sneer.

Canadians are forever on the alert for some pretext to find fault with you, or to inveigle you into a quarrel, or to discover something in your talk or actions to sneer at or criticise.

When no excuse is possible, you will be found fault with for being alive, by a lot of conceited buffoons and sneering coxcombs whose brains would not soil the finest fabric.

This is a peculiarly English trait.

That there are exceptions to the general rule goes without saying.

As it is, one cannot pursue his innocent and harmless way without running into some barbed wire fence, or thorn hedge of the church, or some prickly bush set up by an individual.

Individuals, as far as they can, compel one to do what one does not wish to do, and to refrain from doing what one wishes to do. So stiff, so formal is everything, that one is afraid to move.

All this interference with expression of thought and with conduct makes life, to a greater or less extent, a burden, when otherwise it might be a joy.

When a company of Canadians get together and converse on any subject, the one who leaves first is called a fool and made the butt of ridicule by the others. The next one to leave the company is sneered at in like manner by those who remain. Scurrilous remarks concerning him are made behind his back as soon as he goes away. As the others leave the group one by one, they are in turn spoken of in the same way until only one remains. Each one seems to say to himself: "How clever I am and how stupid every one else is."

This is an invariable rule. It is peculiarly an English trait.

It is almost impossible to describe as it deserves the stupid self-conceit of the average Canadian, the thickness of skin, that makes him so unbearable.

I have frequently seen a party of ten or fifteen men make sport of one of their number, ridiculing him for hours, without making the least impression upon him, and without his being conscious, in the least, that he was being made the butt of ridicule.

Not one-half of the business men in Toronto can speak sufficient English to carry on an intelligent conversation. During my three years' residence there I heard little else save conventional remarks. Although I met men every

day with whom I was on speaking terms I heard almost nothing except, "*It is a nice day*," or "*It looks like rain*," *etc., etc.*

If you happen to be a stranger in Canada, and in hard luck, and should attempt to gain an honest livelihood by canvassing or soliciting, they will light on you like a grasshopper on a June bug, and you will be kicked, clubbed and expelled. If you appeal to their sympathies, you will find them harder than granite cliffs, and colder than Siberian snow.

If you should succeed in making a few cents the native citizen will be annoyed at your success. You will be hooted at by men who find their greatest happiness in meddling with other people's business.

I knew one old fellow there who peddled small wares about the streets; a harmless, inoffensive old man; a cripple, and also a little weak-minded. He was kicked and abused until his head was affected, and he could not walk without limping I have seen half a dozen men attack this inoffensive cripple at once, and he has been thrown out of stores, hotels and saloons, and kicked and pounded until the blood ran down his face.

The Canadians do not protest against this sort of thing, and any one who did would receive no encouragement.

The weak are subject to the insults of respectable and other hoodlums.

In all of the cities of the United States, the chances are that there will be fifty persons about ready to step up and intercede in the behalf of any cripple or blind man who may be abused.

But Toronto is intensely English, and, as was before remarked, "*the English have no civic courage.*" Consequently no one is afraid or ashamed of the many things which they would be ashamed of in some communities.

How proud a man should be to call himself an American after he has lived in the Dominion of Canada.

After some people have exhausted their ingenuity in every direction for the purpose of keeping the classes from the unclean touch of the masses, it may some day dawn upon them that it is time to begin the effort of protecting the masses from the malign influence of contact with the classes.

A recent speech of Andrew Carnegie, has raised a storm in Canada. The objectionable part of it is a passage in which Mr. Carnegie says: "A little more than a century ago what was the American? A puny, miserable colonist; a dependent of another nation. He was nothing better than a Canadian; a man without a country, and, therefore, but very little of a man." To this Mr. Edgar, M. P., wrote a reply, boiling over with admiration of Canada and Canadian institutions, and reminding Mr. Carnegie that the Canadian of to-day is a very different being from the American of a century ago.

This reply was very nice and loyal as a mere matter of sentiment, but a correspondent of a Toronto paper, signing himself "Canadian-born," knocked all the catchy sentiment out of it by treating the statement in a matter-of-fact light. He pointed out that Mr. Carnegie was not so very far wrong; that Canadians do not appear in the eyes of the world one-half as formidable as they appear to each other. "It is all very well for us to boast of our self-government" said he, "yet, who cares for the Canadians of to-day, or who heeds them with all their self-government? They are dependents of another nation, without a country, without a history, and, therefore, without rank or station in the world. What standing has the Canadian abroad? He is nobody, and is treated with half the respect of a Turk or an Arab. It matters not how good an opinion we have of ourselves, the point is how others regard us—and in the eye of the world we are dependents. Does any one believe that an independent Canada would be ignored by the nations as dependent Canada is? Our best men as well as our country must continue unknown as long as the

dominion of England over us lasts. There is no grievance against England. She does not misgovern. She does not exercise authority over us. She only sends a lordling once in five years, who goes through the farce of appearing to govern us, although for any matter of utility she might as well send a well-groomed Durham ox instead. But all the same the authority, slight as it is and nominal as it is, has the effect of keeping us in Queen Victoria's kitchen, from the world's point of observation; and however much we may esteem ourselves, the world will continue to treat us as tenants of the kitchen." "Let us," concluded the correspondent, "get out of leading strings and behave like grown men. I would prefer continentalism to-morrow to an eternity of colonialism."

CHAPTER XXV.

If you should happen to speak aloud on the principal business streets of Toronto, when in a crowd, and accompanied by a friend, some one will follow you, and let you know that he has overheard all that you have said. Some well-dressed stranger, who is just ahead of you, will turn around and join in your conversation by making scurrilous remarks, that will give you to understand that he has been listening to all that you have said.

If you should happen to be a German, you will be accosted fifty times a day with : "Hello, Dutchy," by people whom you happen to know and also by strangers. In entering a place of business you will be met by the proprietor or his clerks, as well as by the hoodlums, with : "Hello, Dutchy."

The worst thing about that community is the intimidation that prevails on every hand. Men as well as women, wherever you go, try to intimidate you, in one form or another. This little fact has driven thousands of the very best class of people away from that part of the country, who would have otherwise preferred to remain there.

And yet the old men who have been left behind to subsist on the old flag wonder why they do not progress.

On account of the large influx of Canadians thereto, the cities of Chicago, Buffalo and Detroit, contain more of these surly, churlish, bored people than any other cities of the United States.

Buffalo and Detroit, owing to the influx from Canada, may be said to be about as undesirable as any cities in the Union to live in. Go to any locality, especially around the saloon districts in the cities named, where this element is wont to congregate, and watch them scuffle, and roll each other about on the floor in the dirt and filth.

One will never find the native American like that after he has reached his eighteenth year, but in Canada, as in England, a man is not considered a man until he has reached the sere and yellow leaf.

Any one who will listen to the conversation and witness the beastly orgies of these people, will feel certain that Steve Brodie can give them instruction as far as the pursuits of art, of science and political economy are concerned.

Some of them are modest, however, in their attire, and never permit their faces to assume the slightest sign of human intelligence ; but then, of course, it is in the nature of things that every Englishman or Scotchman should try to appear stupid and uninteresting. In England when a man sees his neighbor hanged, he is glad, as a rule, and it is no wonder that it is so. Is it any wonder that every man despises his neighbor?

The citizens of one of the principal towns of Canada were lately engaged in a war of words over the question whether the streets of the city should be designated by names or numbers. The matter has gone so far at this writing that a vote is to be taken to settle it. Next they will quarrel over which street shall be No. 1.

I believe it was Helen Gardner who said : "Quarreling ought to be a penitentiary offence." She referred particularly to the bickerings and naggings which most people dignify by the name of quarreling.

No well-meaning persons can help having a supreme contempt for men (or women either) who disregard always and everywhere, at any and all times, and on all occasions, the rights and feelings of others.

It is this brutal indifference for the feelings of others that makes one hopelessly discouraged and causes one to lose all energy and ambition and also presence of mind and self-control. Under such circumstances a man loses the use of his faculties.

You cannot appeal to the sympathies of average Canadians. You cannot insult them, for you cannot make

any impression on them, unless you do it with a club or shotgun. You cannot hurt their feelings. You cannot make them ashamed. You cannot make any impression. Their conceit is suffocating.

If you are a sensitive person you should never expect to make yourself at home in Canada. You might as well lie down and die.

In a crowd in Canada they will elbow each other and walk all over your feet. Their attitudes are nearly always defiant, and many seem to be continually on the lookout for an insult—a fancied one if none other can be had. One must be careful not to speak aloud on the public streets, for one is always subject to the insults of hoodlums, swaggering dudes, conceited blackguards, leering loafers, lazy bullies.

Should you happen to get among a crowd in any public place, and meet there a stranger who may have accidentally happened to have seen you before, you will observe that he will invariably turn to any one who is with him and whisper something scurrilous; and then there will be a glance in your direction, followed by a triumphant, sarcastic sneer.

This is an English trait. A Scotch trait if you please.

The Canadians are always boasting of the superiority of their ways and manners as compared with the people of the United States.

A Canadian will come up to you and stand before you with his back to your face. On such occasions he will never utter the customary phrase, "beg pod'n," but he will invariably say "beg pod'n" a hundred times a day when there is not the slightest occasion for it. These words are always and everywhere invariably misapplied. They are never uttered in good faith. This hypocritical and mock politeness is absurd, disgusting, exasperating.

I have noticed on several occasions men with horse and buggy driving rapidly along the streets and amusing themselves by hitting pedestrians a blow over the head

with the whip as they passed them along the road. You meet with little else save insults day in and day out from one year's end to another. Even when you make a small purchase and tender a $2 or $5 bill in payment, there is some blackguard at your elbow who has been watching you very intently and who has a few remarks to make regarding your change.

The so-called lower classes oftentimes have better manners than the better educated, for the reason that they are not always so brutally indifferent to the feelings of others.

Surroundings and associates in Toronto are such as to keep men from soaring in the unreachable clouds that envelop persons of higher degree. It is required that these people receive a lesson and be taught to behave themselves. If any one has the power let him exercise it. Some of these people have come to look upon themselves as immovable fixtures to such an extent that they think it is theirs to bully, brag and bluster like a mastiff among poodles, but they will have to be taken in hand and taught their place and good manners.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Rain is a great damper upon a young man's spirits," says a Toronto paper, "and so is the strong arm and neat baton of a Toronto policeman. Therefore, when these two were combined last night the usual antics of the students were somewhat less largely participated in, and were not quite so injurious to property. But they were bad enough to suit most people.

After the theatres were out the police kept the young men well in hand, and the only damage done was a broken street gas lamp and a fence pulled down on Queen street, west of Victoria Hall. A few students got their heads cracked, but they were not badly hurt and will get over it.

Of course the young men yelled and howled and wakened people till after midnight, but these little pleasantries can be forgiven in young fellows who do not know better.

It was at the Grand Opera House, however, that the worst exhibition took place. People paid their good money to see and hear a great actor in a fine play and did not get value. Not that the actor and play were not worth it all, but the students disturbed the performance.

After the curtain had been raised for the first time, and before a dozen lines had been spoken, the performance was interrupted by the blowing of horns, shouting, and fiendish nondescript sounds similar to what are heard in an asylum for the insane. Mr. Willard came on the stage and pleasantly reminded the disturbers that they had had their fun all the evening, and asked that the players might be heard.

This had no effect, the curtain was rung down, Mr. Willard came out, and in a voice that fairly trembled with

emotion and passion, said: 'I have traveled as far as the Pacific Coast through the United States, but this is the first time I have met with discourtesy, and it is on British soil.' This seemed to penetrate a short distance into the heads of the disturbers, but it left no lasting impression. Again, in the third act, was the curtain rung down, and Mr. Willard came in front, and after apologizing to those who were trying to enjoy the play, for the conduct of their fellow-citizens, he entreated the yahoos to get their money back and leave the house.

All through the performance the audience was annoyed more or less. Not satisfied with hooting and yelling the students threw papers, programs and peas on the heads of unoffending people in the pit who had given up their dollars.

This is not Manager Sheppard's first experience with the students, nor is Mr. Willard a stranger to them. Many an audience at the Grand has been annoyed, and Willard's former encounters have been written up and used by the astute actor as advertising matter to show what a wonderful command he has over an audience."

Many actors and others who visit Toronto complain of this kind of treatment, and the man who ventures to rebuke these blackguards is promptly and invariably set down as a "*cad.*"

Commenting on the above, one of the daily papers of Toronto says: "Mr. Willard is a good actor, but he will not be truly great until the growth of his genius obscures the prig and cad in his make-up. Everybody is glad for O. B. Sheppard's sake that he has done well in Toronto. He praises himself as if he were a world-renowned patent medicine. Toronto remembers actors like Henry Irving and Wilson Barrett. Meditation upon their methods and manners is no aid to admiration for Mr. E. S. Willard."

The streets of Toronto are thronged, on holidays in particular, with men dressed in the Scotch Highland costume, with bare legs.

Each spring and fall Toronto's young men go crazy on volunteering, and spend their spare time polishing leggings and belts, that they may go prancing about the muddy streets behind brass bands. The Queen's Own Rifles, Royal Grenadiers and Royal Scots number above 1,300 together in rank and file, and all turned out to inaugurate the fall drill for inspection by the commander-in-chief on Thanksgiving Day (1892). The kilted regiment, only formed last spring, numbers nearly 300 now, and is doing as bravely as Col. Davidson could wish. Each Caledonian is now used to the bare-kneed uniform, and paces the pavements with a nonchalance far from noticeable a few months ago.

It is rather rough in this nineteenth century to meet even Scotchmen who not only delight to walk about with bare legs, but who take pride in it. But, it must be confessed, this is a decided improvement over the times one reads about a hundred thousand years ago when men wore no clothes at all. These bare-legged men are loudly eulogized by the newspapers of Toronto as the "*handsome kilties,*" while the ladies and young girls follow them with admiring eyes.

The average citizen of Toronto is the kind of man who, in the army, would be sure to render great service to his country; for, whether he killed Canada's enemy or Canada's enemy killed him, it would eventually be for the good of Canada. This applies particularly to *the Scotch Canadian.*

The *Toronto Grip* under date of May 14, 1892, contains the following:

"GROWING INTELLIGENCE OF THE MASSES.

The following letter appeared in a recent issue of the *Mail*:

Sir:—On Thursday evening last I happened to be passing the factory of Firstbrook Bros., King street, east, and was grossly insulted by a gang of hoodlum employees

who happened to be standing in the archway of the building, who used every insulting epithet they could possibly level at me. This, I may say, is a common occurrence in the city to those wearing Her Majesty's uniform, and it is high time some notice was taken of it by the civil authorities. Yours, etc., A SOLDIER.

Toronto, April 29th.

This is one of the most encouraging indications of the growth of a healthy public sentiment on the subject of militarism that we have noticed for a long time. The masses are beginning to recognize instinctively that the red-coated loafer, who, in order to get an easy living, undertakes to do any dirty work in the way of butchering his fellow men that a corrupt and rascally government may have on hand is only deserving of contempt and insult. The 'hoodlums' know that they are taxed to keep up a set of swaggering dudes and conceited popinjays, whose uniform is the symbol of their readiness to become murderers at the word of command. They know too that in the case of any civil disturbance they themselves might as likely as not be the victims. Why should they not let these lazy swash-buckling bullies know what they think of them? We admit that it would perhaps show a little better taste to refrain from epithets, and treat the passing soldier to a philosophical disquisition on the wickedness and absurdity of the military system, but there are obvious difficulties in the way, and possibly the 'hoodlum's' rough and ready fashion of giving utterance to his opinions is the only one adapted to the barrack-room stage of intellectual development."

In the United States it is notorious that with the rarest exceptions, none but foreigners enter the ranks of the army. It is well that it is so. No self-respecting man can be either officer or soldier under modern conditions.

What self-respecting man could tolerate being ordered about by a popinjiny in shoulder straps? What self-respecting man could act the popinjiny?

"The idea has got abroad," says the Toronto *Saturday Night,* "that a volunteer in uniform is a public character, superior to the police, who cannot legally be arrested whatever provocation he may give. Usually the most stupid and the most reckless among the soldiers are the ones who harbor this idea, and usually this prevailing idea induces young men of reckless disposition to seek admittance to the militia for the fancied exemption they will enjoy."

But I was speaking of the Scotch. The Scotch-Canadian citizen has the very unpleasant and uninviting habits of picking his nose and freely making wind in the presence of company.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

The Scotchman and his little ways are so well known and understood by some decent people in Canada that they will oftentimes go out of their way to avoid meeting him when they see one of that nationality coming.

I once heard a colored man ask another what a jackass was, and the reply came that it was just like a mule, "only more so." Well, a Scotchman is just like the average Englishman "only more so." Worse and more of it.

A Scotchman once invited me to dine at his home, and a week later sent me a bill for the little entertainment.

Gall counts in these days.

"There is just one thing in the latter part of this nineteenth century that never fails to bring success, and that is assurance," says Amber. "If you desire to make yourself known, don't go to the trouble of doing good work; just buy a trumpet and blow a blast to shake the stars. The time has gone by for quiet, unpretentious adherence to duty to make any show. The louder you are, the more blatant and vociferous, the sooner you attain the goal of achievement, if it is notoriety you are after. But if you still have a hunger in your soul for the approval of your own conscience and the commendation of that high and holy One, who, some future day, shall bid you enter into the reward laid by for the faithful and the pure and

the tender-hearted, go on in the quiet way you have chosen and let your trumpet lie unheeded on the shelf."

The above is the reason why the Scotch and English are a million times more *over-estimated* than any other people on this earth. The public has always taken them at their own estimate.

I suppose it is the treatment the majority in Canada receive at the hands of those who are a little better off than themselves that makes them (the great majority) so low minded. When a man is abandoned by society and cut off from all association with respectable people, and with no opportunity to elevate his mind, he is not apt to make a very agreeable companion.

Filthy stories, etc., just such conversation as would disgust others among the higher varieties of men, appear to be listened to and enjoyed more than anything else as a regular topic of conversation in Canada.

I have never yet noticed that any consideration was ever shown there for the feelings or rights of others.

As I have said before, Toronto is intensely English. You may be the most perfect gentleman or the lowest and most foul-mouthed blackguard. There is generally no distinction made if you are a stranger to them. In either case you will receive the same kind of a reception. It is, as Max O'Rell says, a man is, in their eyes, either virtuous or an utter reprobate ; *sometimes virtuous.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

"God and my right!" This is the motto of the Englishman, to whatever class he may belong, and "my right" comes first; God afterward! A nation that defines itself by a coarse expression of care for personal interest, and for nothing else, how can it be anything but selfish and brutal? An Englishman will never inconvenience himself in order not to inconvenience his neighbor. Many of them complain of this, and some of them appear to realize it keenly, but foreigners are the greatest sufferers from it. Yet it is wrong to say that all Englishmen are coarse and rude. A few well-educated Englishmen are coldly and punctiliously polite in an undemonstrative, calm way. One of the worst impressions of Englishmen is given by their utter indifference to one another, and to every one whom they do not know, as well as among those with whom they are intimately acquainted. Those people who never have a good word for their fellow creatures are most unhappy mortals.

It is no wonder that Englishmen and Scotchmen avoid their own countrymen when they can do so, and seek the companionship of other men more agreeable, their own people are disagreeable even to them, and it frequently happens that there is not much of an effort made to disguise the fact. I have heard them confess this many times.

Alphonse Daudet told an interviewer recently that he had a great admiration for the English people as well as a great antipathy to them. "When I find myself in a railway carriage with an Englishman," said he, "I feel as if I could—like this" (here the author struck out violently with both fists, as if pummelling a body). "Yes,

I feel that I could give him this, and this," said the author, as he struck imaginary blows in the air. "He rasps my nerves."

George Gilfillan, the once famous preacher, lecturer and critic of the spasmodic school, once called upon the sage at Chelsea. Carlyle himself opened the door. He was in even grimmer humor than usual.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am George Gilfillan," was the reply, "and I have been giving lectures on your books throughout the country."

"You have, have you? Confound your impudence!" And the door was shut in his face.

These bored people are generally always disagreeable to meet, even when they make an effort to please.

"Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself."

If they were not always thinking evil of other people's motives and intentions, and were not always ready to say bitter things and to quarrel, they would find that everything would go more smoothly, and in consequence of this change of manner, they would be liked by those with whom they come in contact, and in return like them. This is an experiment which thousands of people might, with great profit and comfort to themselves and to others, very well attempt. What a much more pleasant world it would be if all the disagreeable people would make up their minds that they would try to please, instead of to vex others.

Helen Gardner has well said:

"I really believe I could stand any other phase of bullying better than to feel that at any minute I am liable to run against a solid wall of 'I don't agree with you's.'"

If you venture to tell the average Canadian a little joke, five to one it will be followed by a sneer. If you speak of established facts you are told a dozen times a day that "you imagine it," or, "you are prejudiced."

A man will sometimes tolerate almost anything, no doubt, if he be brought up to it. It is as Herbert Spencer says :

"Education amounts to nothing, teaching does little, the discipline of life is everything."

Owing to the defective national education of Canadians, there is very great ignorance, not of what is to be learned from books, for therein they are fairly well informed, but ignorance of the ordinary affairs of life, of the things learned no one knows how. The lower orders of Frenchmen, Germans, etc., are a thousand times more intelligent than the same classes in England or Canada. It is the education that comes from things around us, from the outer world, from travel, and from general ideas, that gives the polish to conversation among Russians, French, Germans, and Austrians, which, without any profundity, enables them to shine in society.

The Irish are possessed of finer, keener, acuter, and more sensitive feelings than the English, and they obtain more fun out of their pleasures and more pain out of their sorrows and misfortunes.

It has been said that "*the success of John Bull is owing to the thickness of his skin.*"

In his heart he fails to see any difference between a gentleman and a tough. The English are a criminal people. Compare the number of pickpockets, etc., among them with any other nation.

The figures will startle you.

For hundreds of years they have been engaged in snatching the bread out of the mouths of other men and women without giving any adequate return.

The bull dog, with his red, obtrusive jowls, his overshot jaw, and dull, unblinking eyes, represents bravery, but he does not represent courage. That is something different, and is not defined by brutish instincts or brutish strength. The Englishman is the premier bull dog of the world, he possesses bravery, but he has no courage. He

has had his day—a day of wassail, of voluptuousness, in a measure, and of widespread and questionable honor, but these who know him will whistle him down the adverse tide.

The English-Scotch-Canadian people have a fondness for the trade of hangman, detective, sheriff, guard in State prison, jailer, etc. Most of the brutalities practised upon the inmates of our insane asylums, which occasionally creep into print, are practised by men of English and Scotch origin.

While traveling in England I had many opportunities to witness the shiftless and stupid way in which those "bored" people transact any legitimate business, and the way in which they invariably go about their work.

Whenever I had occasion to patronize a laundry over there, I could recover a portion of my "wash" only about one time in ten, and then it would be delivered to me one and two pieces at a time. They always claimed that they did not know which pieces belonged to me. Sometimes I would be asked to "fish" it out of a large pile of clothes that were lying about the place belonging to other people.

The shirts when washed and ironed were of a brownish color, frayed at the edges and streaked with dirt, if not torn almost to shreds. After they have passed through one of these laundries a few times they are unfit for further use. Some of the collars were starched and others not.

It is much the same with other native English workmanship in other lines of business requiring the least particle of tact or skill. One will never see such performances in America. For cool impudence commend me to the English.

In England, as in Canada, losses are not made good, there is no disposition, no willingness shown, to rectify mistakes. They will not offer to pay you for the missing garments, or to replace them with others, or to recompense you in any way for any losses which you may sustain at their hands.

If you object to this you will be informed that they "don't care."

In any and every case you will find them as stubborn as a bull dog, as obstinate as a mule.

They are poor manufacturers. Their wares have an unfinished appearance.

I purchased three suits of clothes in England. They were on a par with everything else that I ever saw made by an Englishman. I was obliged to dispose of them at a second hand store.

E. T. Hazeltine, a well-known business man of Warren, Pa., who has a branch establishment in England, was in Europe in the summer of 1891 and tested the English price question for himself. In a letter to the Warren *Mirror* he says :

"A steel shovel, riveted and not polished, cost fifty-two cents. A better shovel, polished and having no rivets to cause clogging, is sold here for fifty cents. A hay fork, two tines, cost in England forty-eight cents. A fork just like it here, forty-five cents. A manure fork, four tines, cost in England eighty-four cents. A five-tined fork, better in all respects, sells here for eighty-five cents. A pair of hinges, very rough, cost twelve cents. A pair of polished hinges of same size is only six cents here. A pair of light strap hinges cost six cents. A heavier article cost here a cent less. Brace and bits, chisels, try squares, plyers, etc., cost about the same there as here. I paid only sixty cents a day in England for just the same work that I pay $2 for here."

English prices are no lower and in many cases higher than in the United States. American wages are three and one-third times higher than in England. There is work for everybody and unexampled prosperity in the United States. There are one hundred thousand idle and starving workmen in London.

It takes the English workingmen three or four days to get over the drunk that marks the numerous holidays.

The Germans are supplanting them in England, chiefly because they are more intelligent and more reliable. The English workingman will consume a whole week over one day's work, and in proportion to actual labor performed, wages are really higher there than in the United States. An immense number of all classes live on the labor of others and give nothing in return.

It was once asserted by Mr. Wendell Phillips that citizens of the United States carried brains in their fingers as well as in their heads, whereas "other people," by which Mr. Phillips intended to designate the remnant of mankind beyond the United States, were blessed with no such extended cerebral development.

I never realized the force of the above until I had visited England.

I was somewhat surprised to find people there much less intelligent than in other European countries. There is a sort of animal stupidity among the mass of the people. They do not even understand the English language in words of over one syllable. This is particularly noticeable at restaurants and other places, and among every manner of serving men and women, wherever you go.

Max O'Rell says :

"How is it that the English are so rude, overbearing and inconsiderate.

It is a question that I have often asked myself as I looked at certain Britons taking their holiday rambles on my native shore."

M. Taine was certainly wrong when he ascribed British meanness to the influence of the British climate.

The English were naked savages for hundreds of years when other Europeans were a civilized and enlightened people. The Italians had had the benefit of centuries of civilization when the English were barbarians, the lowest and most brutal tribe of savages.

Right well did Disraeli reply to the charge in the House of Commons that he was a Jew : "Yes, I am a

Jew! When the ancestors of the honorable gentleman were naked savages in an unknown island on the banks of the Thames, mine were princes in the Temple of Solomon."

One can find men all over England who are further removed from the intellectual standard than are the men of any other country that boasts of civilization; men who show in their faces the original type of the brute—the monkey and many other of the lower animals.

The English exalt brutality as a virtue.

Charles Dickens makes all sorts of miserliness even more contemptible than it is mean. Wherever he clearly sees what is vulgar no one shows more transcendent power in trampling it under the feet of men than Dickens, but he often mistook what is vulgar and unreal for what is noble and true. This is what an Englishmen almost invariably does, to whatever class he may belong. If the world had any citizen as apt to be right as the average Englishman is apt to be wrong on any matters outside of book learning upon which he thinks fit to air his opinions, nothing would be too good for him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"When Englishmen are informed that they must not meet in a particular place, they usually wish to do so," says the London *News*. Exactly. It is beautiful independence in Englishmen, but the blackest treason in Irishmen.

A traveler says: "I have just returned from a visit to Europe, and during my stay in London I noticed the extraordinary personal liberty enjoyed by the populace. Street fights there are of hourly occurrence, and I have actually seen combatants urged on by the police, who stood around and saw that fair play was given. An officer over there never makes an arrest unless a charge is made, and then it must be substantial. I was riding on a tram car one day when a most ludicrous fight sprang up, and one worth relating In London, you know, only one track is permitted at a street crossing, no franchises for double tracks being allowed. This makes each crossing virtually a switch, and one car has to wait until another crosses the street before being able to proceed. Well, on this occasion, our car reached the switch at the same time as another coming in the opposite direction. Both claimed the right of way and drove on to the switch, stopping in the middle. The drivers then got into an argument, and presently got out and fought. The conductors soon followed suit, and presently the passengers got down and took sides, until a veritable riot was the result. In the meantime a large crowd had gathered, and a number of policemen were attracted. These made no effort to stop the fight, but rather urged the combatants on. When a man would cry 'enough,' the police would haul him out of the mass and aid in cleaning him up. Eventually our car was licked, and all set to

work and with the utmost good humor backed it off the switch, and allowed the other car to proceed. Passengers on both cars wore black eyes, but no attention was paid to it, and the victorious car was cheered as it wended its way onward. Not an arrest was made, and the police departed, satisfied that fair play had been accorded."

In Canada there are still left thousands of men who prate about the wisdom of our ancestors; who speak of antiquity as if it were hoary with wisdom, while we are mere foolish prattling infants; whereas, in truth, we are the ancients of the earth, who have treasured up and are prepared to profit by all the experiences that the younger ages of the world can supply.

We have improved, not only in our larger morals, but in those courtesies which are known as the minor morals. Our manners are softened. We are kindlier and more courteous, and kindliness and courtesy are characteristics not only of the heart, but of the head. We have grown broader and better, both morally and mentally.

In no modern drawing-room would a lady, even of Mme. de Stael's eminence, be allowed to inform a fellow-guest that he abused the male privilege of ugliness.

The famous Douglas Jerrold himself would not be tolerated outside of a bar-room. "I thought I should have died with laughter," said some unfortunate person in his presence. "I wish to heaven you had," was Jerrold's retort. "All I want," said an orator, trying to interpose in a stormy discussion, "is common sense." "Exactly," Jerrold replied, "that is precisely what you do want." And the discussion, we are told, was lost in a burst of laughter. Would anybody to-day laugh at such clumsy boorishness? Is there anything in the joke save gross rudeness?

Snobbery, vulgarity, pretension—these hideous English traits will soon be of the past. Our grandchildren,

freed from the absurd ideas, the absurd restrictions of semi-savage inception, will be larger, more generous, more tolerant—better, in short, than ourselves. Fresh and vigorous blood will intermix with the worn-out descendants of great men, and in due time greater men from the stock will be born to the future. Every succeeding age sees the abandonment of some superstition which has checked the progress and development of the race in the past.

The world is distinctively barbarous, not so barbarous as it once was, but barbarous still. We are becoming civilized, but how slowly we travel.

But we *are* getting wiser and better.

In the old barbarous times, perhaps a hundred thousand years ago, when men were just emerging from the ape-like form and habit; when they had thin legs, large bellies, and small brains; when there were but three objects in life, two of which were to eat and sleep; when the supply of food was uncertain and the dangers surrounding the sleeping persons numerous, men fought with one another on sight, like four-footed beasts, and would kill one another for the possession of the carcass of an animal, or any other desired thing. The ape-like fathers and mothers of human races were very rude, compared to historical man.

We look back on those times as a period of very low development, and rejoice that our abdomens are smaller and our brains larger, and that with the development of industry, our food supply is more certain, and that our sleeping hours are almost free from danger, and that sympathy has been evolved, and that we can afford, and even find it to our interest, to be somewhat friendly with our fellows.

Man is nobler than he once was. The very beasts of the forests have more delicate forms and finer flesh than they once had. The flowers of the fields exhale a sweeter perfume than they once emitted.

There is much to be thankful for (even in Canada), for Canada is a turtle dove to what the world once was.

"The age of savagery is gone,
And now appears the dismal dawn
Of earth's barbaric age.
Not so? Behold the drama played!
Man versus man is yet arrayed
On life's dishonored stage.

Our sign is made. Indelible disgrace
Is stamped on earth's entire face;
And Time will write on tarnished page
This but a rude, barbaric age."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"In France," says Max O'Rell, "what is required of a *gentleman* is high education and refined manners. A peasant's son possessing these is received in any society.

In England, boys begin swaggering about their social position as soon as they leave the nursery, and if you would have some fun, you should follow groups of public school-boys in the play-ground or on their way home.

Of course, in public school, the occupation of parents cannot be an objection to their sons' admission, and in your class-room you may have dukes' and soloon-keepers' sons sitting on the same form. These are treated on an equal footing; although I believe the head master of a working public school would prefer the hangman's son, if a clever lad, to the son of a duke, if he were a fool.

Yes, those groups will afford you a great deal of amusement.

Here are the sons of professional men, of officers, clergymen, barristers. See them pointing out other boys passing: 'Sons of merchants, don't you know.'

These are not without their revenge, as they look at a group close by: 'Sons of clerks, you know.'

But you should see the contemptuous glance of the latter as they pass the sons of shopkeepers: 'Tradespeople's sons, I believe.'

Here is a little sample conversation I caught as I passed two boys watching a game of cricket in the playground:

'Clever chap, So-and-So!' said one.

'And a nice fellow too, isn't he?' said the other.

'By-the-bye, did you know his father was a chemist?'

'A chemist! No!' exclaimed the dear boy in a subdued tone, as if the news had taken his breath away. 'A

chemist ! you don't mean to say so. What mistakes we are liable to make, to be sure ! I always thought he was a gentleman.'

23RD AUGUST, 1873.

Am still at M., teaching a little French and learning a good deal of English.*

Mr. R. proposes that I should teach two or three new subjects. I am ready to comply with his wishes ; but I sternly refuse to teach *la valse à trois temps.*

He advises me to cane the boys. This also I refuse to do.

John Bull, Jr., is the kind of boy who, in the army, would be sure to render great service to his country ; for, whether he killed England's enemy or England's enemy killed him, it would eventually be for the good of England.

11TH JULY, 1872.

Have taken apartments in the neighborhood of Baker street. My landlady, *qui frise ses cheveux et la cinquantaine*, enjoys the name of Tribble. She is a plump, tidy, and active looking little woman.

On the door there is a plate with the inscription,

'J. Tribble, General Agent.'

Mr. Tribble, it seems, is not very much engaged in business.

At home he makes himself useful.

It was this gentleman, more or less typical in London, whom I had in my mind's eye as I once wrote :

The English social failure of the male sex not unfrequently entitles himself *General Agent.* This is the last straw he clutches at. If it should break, he sinks, and is heard of no more, unless his wife comes to the rescue, by setting up a lodging house or a boarding-school for young ladies. There, once more in smooth water, he wields the blacking brush, makes acquaintance with the knife-board, or gets in the provisions. In allowing himself to be kept

*Mr. O'Rell was for ten years a teacher of French in English schools.

by his wife, he feels he loses some dignity; but if she should adopt any airs of superiority over him, he can always bring her to a sense of duty by beating her.

19TH JULY, 1872.

I ask Mrs. Tribble for my bill.

I received it immediately; it is a short and comprehensive one:

	£	s.	d.
Board and Lodging.....	5	5	0
Sundries.....	1	13	6
Total.....	6	18	6

I make a few observations to Mrs. Tribble on the week's bill. This lady explains to me that she has had great misfortunes, that Tribble hardly does any work, and does not contribute a penny toward the household expenses. When he has done a little stroke of business, he takes a holiday, and only reappears when his purse is empty.

I really cannot undertake to keep Tribble in *dolce far niente*, and I give Mrs. Tribble notice to leave.

(M——, SOMERSET.) 2D AUGUST, 1873.

Arrived here yesterday. Find I am the only master, and expect to make myself generally useful. My object is to practice my English, and I am prepared to overlook many annoyances.

Woke up this (Sunday) morning feeling pains all over. Compared to this, my bed at Mrs. Tribble's was one of roses. I look round. In the corner I see a small washstand. A chair, a looking-glass six inches square hung on the wall, and my trunk, make up the furniture.

Breakfast is ready. It consists of tea and bread and butter, the whole honored by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. R. I am told that I am to take the boys to church. I should have much preferred to go alone.

On the way to church we met three young ladies—the Squire's daughters, the boys tell me. They look at me with a kind of astonishment that seems to me mixed with

scorn. This is probably my fancy. Everybody I meet seems to be laughing at me.

Some old pupils approach me with a patronizing, 'How de do?'

When asked by a friend who it was they had spoken to, they replied:

'Oh! that's What-d'ye-call-him,' the French master—a rather nice fellow, you know.'

This was an excuse for condescending to speak to me.

They were under him for ten years only, and they could hardly be expected to remember his name.

I do not know that a long residence in England has greatly improved me (though my English *friends* say it has), but what I do know is, that I could not now kiss a man, even if he were a bequeathing uncle ready to leave me all his money.

The French boaster is noisy and talkative. As you listen to him you are almost tempted to believe, with Thackeray, 'that the poor fellow has a lurking doubt in his own mind that he is not the wonder he professes to be.'

But allow me to say that the British specimen is far more provoking. He is so sure that all his geese are swans; so thoroughly persuaded of his superiority over the rest of the human race; it is, in his eyes, such an incontested and incontestable fact that he does not think it worth his while to raise his voice in asserting it, and that is what makes him so awfully irritating, 'don't you know?' He has not a doubt that the whole world was made for him; not only this one, but the next. In the meantime—for he is in no hurry to put on the angel plumage that awaits him—he congratulates himself on his position here below. Everything is done to add to his comfort and happiness: the Italians give him concerts, the French dig the Suez Canal for him, the Germans sweep out his offices and do his errands in the City of London for $200 a year, the Greeks grow the principal ingredient in his plum pudding. The Americans supply his aristocracy with rich

heiresses, so that they may get their coats of arms out of pawn. His face beams with gratitude and complacency, as he quietly rubs his hands together, and calmly thanks Heaven that he is not as other men are. And it is true enough ; he is not.

England works for herself. The world owes her nothing.

'Dear brother reader,' says Thackeray, 'answer as a man of honor. Do you think a Frenchman your equal? You don't, you gallant British snob, you know you don't. . . . Oh, my country ! if I were a Frenchman, how I would hate you.'

An Englishman only calls his fellow-countrymen 'Britons' when he is half laughing at them. When he says, 'We Britons,' he is not quite serious ; on the contrary, when he says, 'We Englishmen,' his face reflects the feeling of respect with which the sound of his name inspires him.

The 'English public' is good society ; the 'British' public means the common run of mortls in the United Kingdom.

British philosophy ! that philosophy that makes us like what we have when we cannot have what we like ; that philosophy taught by that good mother, and incomparable teacher, whose name is Necessity.

Alas, we French people do not possess this kind of philosophy. I wish we did.

The Anglophobist of the purest water that France ever produced was the late Marquis de Boissy, senator of the Second Empire. This witty, eloquent, spirited old Gaul was the soul of the august assembly, the only member of it who was not either stuffed or embalmed, and his memory alone will save it from oblivion. His phillippics will long ring in the ears of the French.

Whether he was in the tribune treating the subject of home or foreign politics, or whether he was making a speech at the agricultural committee meeting of his bor-

ough, he had but one peroration, his cherished device, his hobby :

Delenda est Britannia.

He used to accuse England of smothering the human race with her breath, and would compare her to the Octopus, that hideous and sticky mass whose tentacles have the property of creating a vacuum around them.

'The world will never have any peace,' said he, 'until that brute has ceased sucking the blood of other nations, and been sunk at the bottom of the sea. Old as I am, I would go for a drummer, so that I might lend a helping hand in subduing the nation that has violated the most sacred laws of humanity.'

All the scourges that visit the earth were put down by him to the credit of that traitress of a neighbor ; earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, inundations, cholera, the plague ; even down to his own colds in the head, all were attributed by him to the baneful influence of the breeze that had passed over England.

He did not hesitate to declare that the air of the Champs-Elysées in Paris was polluted by the presence of the English colony in its midst.

Every time he passed through it he fumigated himself as soon as he reached home.

The old Anglophobist was sincere in his epic outbursts, and at the same time very amusing, for he was as full of wit as he was of Anglophobia."

CHAPTER XXX.

The famine of India, in which six millions of natives starved to death, was not caused by a failure of the earth to produce sufficient food, but it was caused by shipping to England the products of India's land and labor, to pay England for oppression.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, hit the nail on the head when he suggested in his book "*In Darkest England*" that "Englishmen should work for their living like other folks."

While traveling throughout the western half of the United States for two or three years, doing business in hundreds of the smaller towns and villages, stopping for a day or two in each place, I always noticed that the half dozen or more chronic loafers who live in every small town by getting something for nothing, year in and year out, were invariably Englishmen, although in many of these places four-fifths of the population were Germans.

Canada has more than her share of these leeches and not nearly enough honest workers. They will sponge off others as long as they are allowed to do so, and invariably judge all men by their own standard of morals. This is especially true of those who have not traveled.

That is the way it is in Toronto.

Honest men sometimes object to this. They become disgusted and leave the country. Immigrants of this class in large numbers would spread confidence throughout the Dominion. These are the very sort of men who would be worth more to Canada than a whole consignment of pettifoggers, but these are the kind of men Canada has lost. She has kept the settlings, and is, as I said before, in one sense, enjoying perfect harmony.

"The world is made up of fools and knaves. Such was the judgment passed upon mankind by Thomas Carlyle, the great English historian, a rough and dyspeptic philosopher, who himself, however, was neither a knave nor a fool," says Max O'Rell.

"This writer, who passed his life in insulting his countrymen one after another, who could make love to his wife by correspondence when she was far away, but who never found an amiable word to say to her when she was near, this same Thomas Carlyle has calumniated the world.

Where should we be without the few disinterested heroes who have devoted themselves to the amelioration of their fellow creatures, and who, in return, have received but poverty and prison, torture and death? The men who have suffered for country, religion, science, liberty; are these Carlyle's fools?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

One of the oddest things in the world is the fact that mean people do not know they are mean, but cherish a sincere conviction that they are the soul of generosity. You will hear them inveighing loudly against a neighbor who does not come up to the standard of a generous man, and decrying the sin of hoarding and withholding, without being sensible in the least that they are condemning themselves.

They are usually people who are not in the habit of self-criticism, and if they were not amusing they would be the most aggravating class alive. Moreover, they are generally people who are not only willing to receive, but who demand a great deal at the hands of others; yet the example of their friends in giving and lending never seems to them at variance with their own line of conduct, and if, by chance, they part with a farthing, it appears to them more magnanimous than the founding of a hospital by another.

Sometimes, the mean man is the servant who gives *poor work for liberal payment*; sometimes it is the husband who dines sumptuously at his club while his family sit down to spare diet; sometimes it is the landlord who obliges his tenants to make their own repairs or go shabby; sometimes it is the neighbor who borrows, but never lends; the step-mother who feeds the children on skimmed milk; the mother who grudges her son's wife the fallals she has not been used to; or the daughter-in-law who makes her husband's mother feel like a stranger in her home.

Indeed, meanness is such an unlovely trait, it is no wonder we all disown it.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Judge King, of Buffalo, once spoke of Toronto as a training school for criminals, and certain it is that social conditions and surroundings there are such as tend to induce bad temper, and increase the desire to deal unfairly, thus resulting in much willful trampling on the rights of others.

If any man should ever find himself in such reduced and straightened circumstances in Toronto as to be obliged to canvass or solicit for a livelihood from house to house, then may the Lord have mercy on his soul.

One might as well go out into the pasture and submit to being chased by horned beasts, or into a stable and allow one's self to be kicked to death by stalled donkeys. One would almost imagine there was a law against both politeness and common honesty among men, and women too.

In business the Canadians are savages. They snarl and struggle, and bite each other, like dogs in a pit.

William Wilfred Campbell, the Canadian poet, in a recent article, says : "I was surprised the other day to come upon a passage which convinced me that we Canadians as a people had passed into literature, in at least one instance, as a rough and rude nation. The reader of Sir R. F. Burton's 'Ultima Thule' will find in his section devoted to Society in Iceland these words, 'Yet the Icelander, fraklin or pauper, has none of the roughness or rudeness which we remark in the manners of the Canadians and of the Lowland Scotch.'"

This is pretty rough on Canadians, and, considering that it was written less than twenty years ago, Canadians of to-day cannot comfort themselves with the thought that they have improved much since then.

The following items are extracted from one of the Toronto daily newspapers, and they are very good illustrations of the rule of conduct there, and of the treatment one may almost invariably expect to receive in all the relations of life, both socially and in a business way.

RARE COURTESY.

Sir:—If all Toronto druggists are as courteous in business as the one I encountered this morning near the Rossin House, your city is not to be envied. I am a medicine manufacturer from St. John, N. B., and in the ordinary course of business called upon the gentleman (?) referred to. I had no sooner explained my mission than he ordered me in insolent tones to "get out" and not to enter his store again under a variety of pains and penalties. If he did not desire to talk business he certainly might have respected the white hairs of an aged man.

D. H. PERKINS.

RUDE TO THE MILLINERS.

Sir:—We are two out-of-town milliners, and after inspecting the goods of a wholesale firm with three names in it, not a mile from the corner of Yonge and Wellington streets, were accosted impertinently by a clerk there. He asked us if we were in business, where, and the name of the firm. One of us told him it was no concern of his. He then told us: "Well, you had better get out," and went to the door and opened it for us. We refused to go, when he went away in fever heat. It is not reasonable to suppose that that firm knows it has in its fine establishment such an ungentlemanly floor-walker, but he should be exposed. VISITOR.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

One of our wealthy citizens, a cadet of our oldest family, and formerly a big operator in wood, saw a prominent official of the city entering Leader Lane, and whistled to him to hold on. He did not stop, and the big citizen followed him to Colborne street and whistled again,

whereupon the official turned around and said: "Is it you that is whistling after me? I'm not a dog. I'll break your head if you speak to me, you d. f." The citizen was thunderstruck at this treatment, and rushed to Police Headquarters to get out a warrant. The magistrate had gone, but an application will be made to him to-day.

A man from the States, who has resided in Canada for the past two or three years, and who has canvassed the city in search of business, told me recently that he had met with similar experiences to the above fifty times in a single day.

If you should complain of this kind of treatment to the average citizen of Canada, you would be told that "you imagine it," or you would be boycotted or accused of "running down the country."

A late issue of the *Westminster Review* very truthfully pictures everything about Canada as dark, dreary and hopeless.

I have never yet heard a word of praise or admiration expressed by a Canadian, even for an exceptionally agreeable man or woman, or for an exceptionally bright and interesting child.

Why do these people make it so hard, so almost impossible for men and women to be kind to each other?

How can these hard hearts be softened?

"It is very seldom," says a New York paper, "that a Canadian judge has to reprimand a jury for leniency, but such a case happened at Brampton, Ont., last week, where James P. Lundy was tried for the murder of his wife in April last. While his wife was entertaining some visitors at the Lundy residence, the Brampton House, Lundy called her to the kitchen and fired three shots from a revolver at her, all the bullets taking effect, death being almost instantaneous. The evidence was conclusive of murder, but the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter, and the judge sharply reprimanded them for their leniency.

Lundy was sentenced to twenty years in Kingston Penitentiary. He is forty-five years of age."

To those who have lived a few years in Canada the above goes without saying. It is not usually necessary to reprimand any one there for leniency.

A commercial traveler writes to the Toronto *World*, pointing out that in every smaller city and town he visits in Canada he frequently observes handcuffed men being led down the principal streets manacled like so many wild animals, and he has been constrained to wonder whether he was in civilized Ontario or in Irkutsk, Russia. Whether the prisoners are tried or untried this system of making a public exhibition of them is barbarous. If they are untried they are perhaps innocent, and in that case their treatment is utterly indefensible. Anyhow the plan of transporting parties under arrest to the lockups or jails in these places is painful and scarcely decent. Are the authorities so short of funds that they cannot afford to purchase patrol wagons or to hire a hack?

When a man is arrested in Canada for some very trifling offence and sent to jail for only a day or two, an effort is made to degrade him as much as possible, by compelling him to wear a prison suit for a jail sentence of one or two days.

In order to live in a Scotch-English-Canadian community such as Toronto, one must be a man of courage to brave rebuffs, and to submit to every kind of imposition, providing, of course, one has not been accustomed to it.

If grave and sympathetic, one must be a philosopher to pocket abuse and brutality cheerfully.

There are few acts of hospitality between Canadians. If there is any effort made to please, the effort will come through form and custom, with cold-hearted calculation of profit behind. You can not know a Canadian fully until you have had money dealings with him.

If you go to Toronto to live you must go with a large provision of philosophy, and be quite determined to at

least appear to enjoy the established order of things, or else you will be accused of "running down the country."

The shiftless way in which everything is done in Canada is a torture to the active and progressive mind.

They are suffering from the boredom of life. One must not patronize the same store or barber shop too often —it torments the employees. If you frequent one restaurant many days in succession you will annoy the waiters.

If you patronize the same place too often, these menials will soon give you unmistakable evidence of the spite they have against you, and of their unwillingness to serve you. You are not wanted. Your patronage is a bore to "her" or "him," as the case may be, and if there should happen to be anything about your looks or actions that does not give full satisfaction, and should the waiter be a female, she is likely to turn her back to you while taking your order and give you other evidence that will impress you much stronger than words with the fact that she is greatly "bored;" and if you should happen to have a wart on your nose, or other similar defect in personal appearance, it may be made still more uncomfortable for you.

It would be wrong to say that all Canadian girls of this class are coarse and rude, but it is nevertheless a fact that be such persons men or women they are almost certain to think ill of every one whom they do not know. This peculiarly English trait strikes the stranger about as forcibly in a restaurant as at almost any other place.

If they do not like the customer's appearance, or should they not happen to take a fancy to him, they will show their dislike for him, and frequently incite others employed in the place to make things as disagreeable for him as possible; and as the proprietor is generally too indifferent to take any lively interest in his business or his customers, he remains in total ignorance of everything that is going on.

If you patronize some of these places for ten or twenty consecutive days these menials will soon begin to stare and

gaze at you in their provoking way, that says plainer than words can speak, "Who are you, and where do you come from?" At the end of ten or twenty days they will all begin to whisper about you among themselves, while glancing churlishly in your direction.

The Canadian grape is a sour grape.

When a waitress in one of those dyspepsia and depression producing places known as cheap restaurants is not overbearing and haughty towards the unfortunates whom she is mistakenly supposed to serve, she is apt to be patronizing and familiar. And of the two evils the latter is decidedly the more to be dreaded.

Women are entitled to much consideration from men, but they are entitled to none which is incompatible with truth. Women, by the conventional laws of society, are allowed to exact much from men, but they are allowed to exact nothing for which they should not make some adequate return. It is well that a man should kneel in spirit before the grace and weakness of a woman, but it is not well that he should kneel either in spirit or body if there be neither grace or weakness. A man should yield everything to a woman for a word, for a smile, at one look of entreaty. But if there be no look of entreaty, no word, no smile, I do not see that he is called upon to yield much.

Very few people care whether a girl's bangs are out of curl or not if her manners are pleasing and she shows a desire to make others enjoy themselves. On the other hand very few people are favorably impressed by a girl's pretty appearance, if the girl is self-conscious and stupid.

For a good, everyday household angel give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuit may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a paragon. Home is not a battlefield, nor life one long, unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty; one

of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try.

There are two kinds of guests who live at the average hotel or restaurant. One is the person who gets up and walks over the whole *corps de hote*, from the bald headed proprietor to the boot black, while the other is the meek and mild-eyed man, doomed to sit at the table and bewail the flight of time and the horrors of starvation while waiting for the relief party to come with his food.

I belong to the latter class.

The patrons of some Toronto restaurants derive great amusement from throwing articles of food at one another's heads. Rowdyism, with its obscene and filthy language, poisons the sense of hearing with its fluent vulgarisms of speech, but no one appears to offer any protest. All appear to take it as a matter of course, if they do not really enjoy it.

Drunkenness in Canada is such a vice that it ceases to be regarded as such, and is looked upon (except by a few) as a matter of course.

Whether the annexation of Canada to the United States would work to the advantage of the United States is problematical. It could not fail to benefit Canada.

A common trick in Toronto, and one that is extensively practiced by many young men about town whenever an opportunity presents itself, is to eat fifty or sixty cents worth at the higher-priced restaurants and get off by paying only ten cents at the desk.

This is done by changing the checks. I have often heard such young men boast with great pride and satisfaction of their success in beating the restaurants in this way.

When you enter some of the more private restaurants in Toronto you will often meet with half a dozen men engaged in conversation, and as soon as you are seated every

man jack of them will close up his mouth like a trap, and then they will all begin to whisper among themselves; at the same time they will all look at you in a "bored" and suspicious way that seems to say: "Why can't you go somewhere else and let a man have the house comfortably to himself."

If you patronize one hotel continuously you will annoy the porter or bell boy. They are "tired." Every man is tired. There are few cheerful faces to be seen. There is a look of distress, of pain and misery. Men are bored, and make a pretence of being in a hurry, although they may have nothing whatever to do. They are not to be bothered with any of the small, sweet courtesies of life. They have no time to be good-natured. If you should venture to ask a question they will look bored and make no reply. If you should attempt a conversation they will give you a suspicious look, and growl like a dog with a sore head, or mutter something you do not understand, and then walk away.

It is as Col. Ingersoll says: "Such a man is meaner than a thief."

I never knew the real pleasure of human association before living for years in need of it in Canada. "I like to know that there is something else to live for besides money and mud."

One need not be afraid of meeting the kind of men I have just referred to in the United States. Few people there are bored. Americans are happy to live. All work. All are busy. Most are happy.

There is a philanthropist in every American community.

"In Europe," Max O'Rell has well said, "there is a false notion that Jonathan thinks only of money, that he passes his life in the worship of the 'almighty dollar.' It is an error.

I believe that at heart he cares but little for money. If a millionaire inspires respect, it is as much for the ac-

tivity and talent he has displayed in the winning of his fortune as for the dollars themselves.

An American, who had nothing but his dollars to boast of, might easily see all English doors open to him, but his millions alone would not give him the *entrée* into the best society of Boston and New York. There he would be requested to produce some other recommendation. An American girl who was rich, but plain and stupid would always find some English Duke, French Marquis, or Italian Count, ready to marry her, but she would have great difficulty in finding an American gentleman who would not look upon her fortune or her *dot* as a sufficient indemnity.

At a public dinner the millionaire does not find a place of honor reserved for him as he would in England. The seats of honor are reserved for men of talent.

Even in politics money does not lead to honor. No, refined Americans do not worship the Golden Calf, as Europeans are often pleased to imagine. If the American thirsts after money, it is not for the love of money, as a rule, but for the love of that which money can buy. In other words, avarice is a vice almost unknown in the United States. Jonathan does not amass gold for the pleasure of adding pile to pile and counting it.

He pursues wealth to improve his position in life and to surround those dependent upon him with advantages and luxuries. He spends his money as gayly as he pockets it, especially when it is a question of gratifying his wife or daughters, who are the objects of his most assiduous attention. He is the first to admit that their love for diamonds is as absurd as it is costly, but he is good-humored, and says: 'Since they like them, why should they not have them?'"

American men die of brain fever, but seldom rust away. If they saw that they must spend their lives in that way, they would reflect that rivers are numerous in

America, and they would go and take a plunge into one of them.

The American is the best humored fellow in the world. If you are in his employ, and are faithful, he may take you into partnership or set you up in business. A small squabble is no more in his line than a small anything else. It is not worth his while. The Westerner may outpistol and shoot you if you annoy him, but neither he nor the Eastern man will wrangle for mastery.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In thirty years' time, less than half the Biblical allowance of man's life, the United States has multiplied its wealth six times, and has nearly trebled it per capita. What energy, what work, what unceasing effort has been needed to bring about this marvelous result. What can we do to retard this development of the brain and nerve at the expense of the body? Obviously it is impossible to change our surroundings, to change our food, to lessen the drive of our modern life, to relieve the strain on the mind, to make the competition less fierce.

It is apparent, then, thinks a writer in the *North American Review*, that as we can not lessen the strain, we must increase the ability to undergo it. We must, as a people, learn to understand this: that while we drive the brain we must build the body. The methods of doing this are so simple that they are apt to be overlooked; they may be summed up in two words—exercise and fresh air. As we teach our children to wash their hands and faces in the morning, and continue our teachings until ablutions become a habit so fixed as to produce positive discomfort if they are omitted, so we must teach them to exercise until this, too, becomes a habit, a second nature, a something that when omitted causes real physical distress, and we must choose a form of exercise which is adapted to persons of middle age, as well as to children.

Build up the body, build up the body! In our modern life this should be dinned into the ears of all until it is obeyed, for, verily, unless we build up the body, the strain on the brain will ruin the American people. The very elements in ourselves that have made us great, the push, the drive, the industry, the mental keenness, the ability and

the willingness to labor—these contain in them the seeds of national death. No race may endure that has not the stamina and power of the healthy animal. The American race has too much brain.

We never fully appreciate a thing until it is taken from us, and Americans never think half so much of their country until they go away from it for a while. I notice that while our tourists are willing to take a slow out-going steamer, there is always a desire to select the fastest home-bound ship afloat. The United States is an astonishingly attractive country to the American when he is away from it; and the dearest sight that comes to the traveler is the first view of American land upon his return. He will watch for the English Needles with curiosity; but for Fire Island Light he looks with an affectionate longing. The same man who lazily turned over in his berth last year when he was told the ship was off the Needles, sprang on deck with boyish glee when Fire Island was sighted. There were home, family, friends and interests. And where, on God's green earth, can those influences seem so beautiful, where do they mean so much as in the United States?

We Americans have much to be thankful for and especially that we are good-natured. In his business relations and in his life the American is invariably good natured. A man must live in Canada to appreciate this most admirable trait in the people of the United States.

One can even pay a passing tribute to the drunkards, although drunkenness is not by any means a national vice. The national drink apparently only serves to render more mellow and genial the character of the people whose heads it affects. The English, the French, the Irish, and even the Germans, are either quarrelsome or morose when in their cups; the American, however, when he happens to have what he graphically describes as a "load" on board, becomes like the Viennese under similar circumstances, exceedingly good-humored and philanthropically inclined towards his fellow creatures. Not only this, but his

geniality—alcoholic though it be—appears to exercise a softening influence on those with whom he happens to be brought into contact. On the elevated railroads and surface cars in New York City I have occasionally had the opportunity of witnessing this peculiarity, and no greater contrast could be imagined than that which exists between the openly manifested disgust which the presence of an intoxicated person in a public conveyance or locality excites in England and on the continent among those who are sober, and the kind of sympathetic indulgent and "have-a-good-time-old-fellow" smile with which a man similarly weighted is regarded in the United States.

In Canada no man ever laughs at anything. There is a constant sneer for everybody and everything in general in that provokingly cool English-Scotch way, but they neither laugh nor smile under any circumstances.

It is no wonder that *muscle* is valued by many above everything else, and that men like to talk about it.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

There is nothing very vindictive about the average American. He will often make friends in the readiest possible way with men who have been most unscrupulous in their attacks upon him. Nine times out of ten there is not enough resentment.

An indication of the fact that New York is not quite so rum-sodden as the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst would have us believe, is to be found in the relative paucity of the number of intoxicated people that are to be seen in the streets. One meets at least ten to twenty drunken persons in London to one single inebriated man here, and the New York municipality has never yet, as far as I know, been called upon, like that of Glasgow, to vote funds for the purchase of half a hundred large wheelbarrows destined for the use of the police for conveying to the station-house at night members of the fair sex whose enjoyment of the Scotch Sabbath has been of a too spiritual character. In the city of Glasgow over ten thousand men regularly go to bed drunk every Saturday night all the year round.

It seems to be the proper thing nowadays for every literary-inclined visitor to America to record his or her impressions on the country. Many of these articles are morsels of interesting reading—interesting partly on account of their individual coloring, but more because people, like individuals, desire to know what is said and thought of them. In a recent number of the *Arena*, J. F. Muirhead, a Briton, discusses in admirable tone his experiences in the great republic. Mr. Muirhead, at the time he wrote, had resided in the United States a year and a half and had traveled over some 35,000 miles of the public domain, so that his impressions are by no means local. In this they

essentially differ from those of others who, after making New York their home for a week or a month, have rushed into print with a glittering array of generalizations, at the same time inaccurate and illogical.

"One of the first trivial points that I noticed in America," says Mr. Muirhead, "was that at the door of nearly every office or public institution had the word 'Push' on one side and the word 'Pull' on the other; and it has occurred to me that 'Push' and 'Pull' would be no bad motto for any remarks on the great republic. 'Push' would stand for the intense energy and vim which are characteristic of its people from Maine to Oregon, while 'Pull' might stand for the special advantages which are necessary for political success.

The superficial observer in the United States might imagine the characteristic national trait to be self-sufficiency or vanity, but another observer might quite as easily come to the conclusion that diffidence and self-distrust are true American characteristics. There are Americans whose very attitude is an apology—wholly unnecessary—for this great republic, and who seem to despise any native product until it has received the hall-mark of London or of Paris. In this country I have seen the devotion of Sir Walter Raleigh to his Queen exceeded again and again by the ordinary American man to the ordinary American woman —if there be any ordinary American woman.

To convey a true idea of the general sum of my impressions in America I must end with a note in which criticism is lost in admiration. In England, on the principle that 'ere's a stranger, let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im,' it is somewhat usual to assume that the unaccredited unknown is a 'cad' until he proves the contrary. In America (at least outside the somewhat frigid groves of the Charles River) the general assumption seems to be that a man is a good fellow until he shows he isn't. In England I am apt to feel painfully what a lame dog I am; in America I feel—well, if I am a lame dog, I am being helped most

delightfully over the conversational stile. Even the almighty railroad conductor, of whom Max O'Rell complains so bitterly, is not half a bad fellow, if approached with a little more deference than one would naturally pay to Oliver Wendell Holmes. This feeling of the general diffusion of man's humanity to man will certainly be one of my most vivid and deep-seated impressions of America; and it is a generalization that I am prepared to fight for, tooth and nail."

An Englishman is thought a thousand times more of in the United States than in England, and he is treated a *million* times better.

An Englishman is disagreeable enough sober, but worse when drunk. Americans respect the ideas, the opinions and the rights of others. American liberality in this respect is immense. It is one of the things that go a long way towards making life worth living. Narrow-mindedness and illiberality are not national characteristics.

I cannot describe scenery. Men interest me more than anything else. It is human nature that interests me most, and as a student of human nature I do not see why the English-Scotch Canadians should devote their whole lives and all their time and attention to making themselves disagreeable.

A peculiar thing about Canada is that the longer you live there the less you will feel at home. You are more of a stranger there the second year than the first. Your heart will ache more than your body.

One does not suffer as much, however, the second year as the third. One gets used to being lonesome. If you happen to have been born in Canada you are still more of a stranger, although in that case you will be unconscious of it.

A man never feels like a man in Canada. If you only remain there two or three months you will be all right. You will not have gained an insight into the situation of things.

In speaking of Canada I have omitted all mention of Manitoba, but I understand that in that Province there is a vast improvement.

Let us hope so.

The American in Canada is certain to receive much better treatment at the hands of the public than the average native, for the simple reason that he is certain to keep at a respectful distance after he has lived there long enough to comprehend or realize the exact situation of things.

Canada is a country where there is neither love nor hate ; they simply despise. Society there is not pleasant.

Emerson says :

"The worthless and offensive members of society, whose existence is a social pest, invariably think themselves the most ill used people alive, and never get over their astonishment at the ingratitude and selfishness of their contemporaries."

Mr. Emerson's declaration is true, but it is doubtful whether the average Canadian experiences the astonishment of which the Concord sage speaks. He does not think anything about it. He has been accustomed to ingratitude and selfishness all his life.

Many American men and women have diligently cultivated courtesy of manner and kindly deference to each other, under the impression that such was the behavior suitable to persons of refinement.

How badly, from the Canadian standpoint, they have wasted effort, is in these pages illustrated.

Of course, a really correct Englishman is beyond comparison the most perfect specimen of "good form" to be found on this earth.

Among them one will surely look for the "correct styles" in the matter of behavior, and Canadians accept them as models in this regard.

This being so, we Americans must remain hopelessly uninstructed *and vulgar* till we cease to make courtesy,

kindly good-feeling and self-respect the basis of our behavior.

There is a striking contrast between the English-Scotch-Canadian and most other men, especially to those who have traveled.

For example, there are no kinder-hearted, more hospitable or polite people than those of Portugal. Portuguese politeness has not the flippancy of the French nor the unmeaning pretence of the Spanish. It is more redundant and opulent than with either of the former, but it possesses genuine sincerity. The effort to please comes from right feeling rather than through form and custom, as with the Canadians, when at all, with cold-hearted calculation of profit behind. This extends to, and is even most marked, among the lowly, who seem to be the most sunny-faced and kind-hearted people that live. Among every manner of city serving men and women there is a chivalry and apparent earnestness in interchange of greeting and commonest civility which often reaches the ludicrous to more brusque foreigners. Their gravity and dignity in this regard are really wonderful. Even the beggars speak to each other in courtly terms, and if you should refuse them alms with the customary phrase, "Pardon: in the name of God!" they will follow you only to bless and shower benedictions upon you. The Portuguese or Mexican beggar is less a barbarian than the Canadian millionaire.

If you speak to the average man in Toronto you will find him a mute. One would almost imagine that sociability and kindness were prohibited by the Statute Book, and punishable by fine and imprisonment.

When the day was over, I was accustomed to return to my room, and, like a culprit, creep to bed.

Canada is just the country to check the development of individuality, to kill an honest man's ambition, and to make him worthless and good for nothing. After a few years residence there, a man is apt to become torpid and stupid.

It is difficult to do business in that suspicion-blighted country, unless one happens to have been brought up to it. Confidence is destroyed. The average financial man there could steal the shirt off of the smartest thief in Wall street, and with the stolen garment in his hand, would stand hypocritically deprecating the sharp practices of his American cousins. They have been that way a long time. They are suffering from the effects of their own bad ideas. It is not to be wondered at that the country is poverty stricken, and that the young Canadian of the present generation who has any ambition prefers the States, where he can at least have an opportunity to develop his energies and enjoy some of the comforts and luxuries of life.

"Americans are kinder to us," said one of these young men. "Life is too short to live in Canada."

It is well to live where human beings live.

The native-born Canadian has no especial love for England. The mother country has a wonderful gift for alienating the affections of her own household by neglect.

Young men look in vain for that recognition which their talents call for. Canada has never freed itself from the early idea inculcated by Englishmen of the conservative type which imagines no good can possibly flow from a young man, simply because he lacks the chaplet of sere and yellow leaves.

Snubbing is the reward for "push" quite too often in the Land of the Maple Leaf.

Meanness is not always an inherited vice, men are often glad to get away from it.

There is one good rule to follow in respect to these evils, and that is to keep away from Canada.

That country will continue to keep the settlings, and the cream will continue to be skimmed off.

The remark of the Englishman that a man is constantly being reminded in England what "a lame dog" he is, is a remark that means a thousand times more than a

person would imagine who has not lived with the English *in a body.*

The man who is in any way capable of human feeling and who receives a half dozen of the gravest and most grievous and heart-felt insults every day in the year, all the year round, whenever he attempts to do any business or ventures to come in contact with the average citizen, is surely made to feel what "a lame dog" he is.

This one thing alone, saying nothing of other things, helps to keep a man in Toronto from forgetting what "a lame dog" he is, but they do not appear to heed insults themselves, as I have seen them spit large mouthfuls of tobacco juice in each others faces, the party spit upon being disturbed but little. It is looked upon as a joke.

It would not be right to say that this is the material that every man is made out of in Canada, but it includes nineteen out of twenty.

Even your office building or your place of residence is sneered at or spoken of contemptuously in your presence; or they will say: "Oh! that is a rotten place to board," etc.

Another illustration of the total indifference of men to one another is their every day habit of walking up in front of a person and standing with their backs to his face when said person happens to be gazing into a window or other place at some object of interest, and a minute later they will "beg p'd'n" for dropping the stub end of a match on your boots. A queer idea of politeness, this. One cannot help getting up in the morning feeling like a "lame dog" and at night going to bed like a "lame dog."

In this atmosphere of sycophancy, intrigue and interested self-seeking which prevails, one needs near him some old and trusted friends.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"The publication of the census statistics has produced a sensation in the maritime provinces," says a Halifax (Canada) dispatch, "and has caused universal disappointment, it being generally imagined that the increase of the last decade would be equal to that of the former decade."

The *Chronicle* (Liberal organ) says: "The numerical results of the census of 1891 given to Parliament are the most appalling that could be imagined. We are sure there is no person in this Dominion who was not startled, disappointed and disturbed by the amazing story which these figures tell. It has been asserted again and again that there are pessimists in the country—men who are accustomed to take a dark view of the situation.

We hate to incur the censure of those cheerful people who would praise the soup if their grandmother's head was in the tureen, rather than appear pessimistic.

This would be the dullest of dull places, however, if only the truth were heard.

The old fetishes must be preserved, and one must not fall foul of this God-given facility of lying upon all and every occasion to all men, and particularly to our own hearts. There is an uncomfortable feeling which comes from hearing the plain truth. If you want to have a community take you by the throat, if you want to forfeit the respect of the rich and respectable, the pillars of society, tell the truth occasionally—occasionally will do. But if you wish to live without brigandage, don't fall into such a deplorable habit. Nothing is so disagreeable, so radical and disturbing as the truth. Many a clever fellow has lost his hold and gone down to the bottomless depths of destitution from getting into the habit of telling the truth.

Never try to strangle popular superstitions and fetishes, or you'll find a big fellow underneath the sheet who'll strangle you. A person who cannot tell a lie, and cannot help you to live a lie, and live his own lie without squirming, is out of place in this workaday world. Such a man is friendless, for friendships are built upon prettily constructed fibs as intricate and innumerable as the piles beneath Rotterdam. An habitually truthful man is the most detestable creature on earth. But we feel confident there is no pessimist in Canada who will not regard the results of the census as far worse than anything he imagined or anticipated.

In Nova Scotia the result is humiliating beyond measure. Every one believed that 1891 would give us a population of at least 500,000. The actual result is a beggarly increase of 9,951 people—about two per cent. increase, or less than one-fifth of one per cent. per annum. This is extraordinary, and will come like a thunderbolt upon every citizen.

New Brunswick is worse off. She has no increase at all. Sixty-one more persons are returned than in 1881.

Prince Edward Island, that flourishing and fertile isle, with a most thrifty and industrious population, stands still. The total increase is 197 souls.

The maritime provinces made an increase of thirteen per cent. between 1871 and 1881. This was considered small and unsatisfactory. The Tory press declared that this was due to the government's free trade policy, which lasted until 1879. Now, after another ten years, the total increase in the maritime provinces is about one per cent. Who will not be startled at the result? The natural increase of a young country like Nova Scotia is about two per cent. per annum. If, therefore, we had the benefit of the natural increase, the population would have gained in ten years over twenty per cent. The incontestable result is that we have lost over eighteen per cent. by emigration. The exodus to the States during the past ten years has

been equal to the total natural increase of the province. This is true of all the provinces except the Northwest.

An increase of two per cent. in ten years in population in a province of such great and varied resources as Nova Scotia denotes a condition of affairs that is gravely serious. It emphatically negatives all idea of prosperity or progress. It means worse than standing still; it means retrogression."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Canada is one of the strangest countries in the world," says a Canadian correspondent of the Utica *Globe*. "Like a jack-of-trades Canada has too many irons in the fire. The whole population is broken up into little groups of believers in this, that or some other future for the Dominion. There is no concerted action, and until there is all this 'Destiny talk' will not amount to much. Whatever that destiny may actually be, one thing is certain, Canada has lots of schemes to work on. Canadian politics is a great deal like religion — whoever starts something new in that line will find fools to follow him. There never yet was submitted to Canadians a scheme for their future so outrageous — and there have been schemes both outrageous and unreasonable— but some gang of politicians took it up and swore by it as the most beautiful ideal of a future Canada that statesmanship could suggest or patriotism uphold. Every new scheme is praised, its author petted, and its advocates wonder at how short-sighted they were not to have seen it before. The brilliant originator is invited to travel through the country and explain his plan for its future to the people. He accepts the invitation, makes a holiday tour of the provinces, is banqueted in all the large cities, and goes away convinced that he has had a good time. And he doesn't require to be a very clever fellow either to have all this honor bestowed upon him. All that is necessary is a little plan on paper, and three or four stereotyped speeches that he rattles off after the fashion of a schoolboy reciting that classic 'Mary had a little lamb.'

One of the oldest schemes is that which proposes annexation to the United States. From the point of

practicability it is a good scheme, but this one advantage is counterbalanced by numerous disadvantages. Whatever may be the hair-brained schemes they propose, I firmly believe it is the sincere desire of every true Canadian to one day see his country take an honored place among the nations of the earth. By becoming annexed to the United States this grand idea of an independent nation would be set aside forever. It is true we would be part of a great nation, but we are that already. Of the numerous other schemes some are too unreasonable to merit even a passing notice, while others are too impracticable to ever amount to anything.

Imperial federation is one of the proposed destinies of Canada that has a large number of advocates in the Dominion. The scheme is one that can never be realized. At present it exists in name only, and the public have but a very meagre idea of what it means ; even Premier Abbott admitted near the close of the last session of Parliament that he did not know what imperial federation was, as he had never heard any definition for it.

And this is actually the case ; the scheme has never been defined. Yet there are Canadians who can talk for hours on it, and write whole volumes in defense of its principles. They tell us that the idea is to form the empire into something more compact than it is at present, that is, to bring the colonies into closer relations with the mother country and give them representation in the Parliament at London. But how this is to be done they do not know. It is a great scheme, they say, and will work itself out sometime ; but they admit that they can't work it out. The scheme is only useful in as far as it furnishes ambitious orators with a subject to spout on, and dreamers with a lovely ideal for their drowsy speculations.

Less radical schemes are those which relate to the trade and material progress of Canada as she is. These schemes are indulged in by men of real patriotism, and most of them have the virtue of being sensible. But the dreamer has in-

truded here also, and produced what is known as the 'Imperial Trade League,' a scheme by which it is proposed to open up a free trade between England and her colonies, and shut the rest of the world out of these markets by building up a tariff wall. This new idea has met with little encouragement, and the premiers of both England and the colonies have dismissed its advocates with scant courtesy. But the trade question is one that will regulate itself. The stream of commerce, like a stream of water, has a natural channel to flow in, and it will eventually regulate itself to this despite all that legislation can do to prevent it. It would be about as sensible to pass an act prohibiting the flowing of water down a hill as to pass one for the purpose of preventing trade from following its natural bent.

Whatever may be the ultimate termination of all these speculations, they are at least an evidence that the spirit of unrest is hovering over Canada. The people are not satisfied with their present lot; if they were, they would not be planning for a change. The change will come, sooner or later, and, when it does, let us hope it will be for the better. There are those who desire an independent Canada—a nation, that, relying entirely on its own resources, will work out its own destiny after its own manner, and their following is great. Canada seems bound to develop some day into a great nation that will rule over half a continent."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Most of the learning in Canada is book knowledge ; that is, simply the things that men learn from books. But people who do nothing but store their minds with facts and the ideas of others are apt to have very few ideas of their own, and those that they do evolve are generally flat and stale. "Reading makes a full man," it is true, but there is such a thing as being too full. There is no room left for the imagination, no time left for thinking, that process of digestion which prepares the mind's food for assimilation. The idea that reading is the one thing needful to improve the mind has obtained much too strong a hold, and a habit of individual and independent thinking is too much neglected. People who do their own thinking, and freely say what they think, whether with tongue or pen, are the really valuable members of society after all. Too much book learning is very often the cause of much poverty.

The English colony of New York is largely made up of younger sons of good education and no calling or profession. They are, for the most part, young men of culture, leisurely habits, with champagne appetites and beer incomes. In almost every case inquiry elicits the fact that they are pensioners on home bounty. They are living on limited allowances—just enough to encourage respectability—such allowances being apparently doled out with the view to sustaining life without leaving margin enough for dissipation or a return ticket. In fact, in many instances, the allowance is made conditional on remaining abroad. If they should violate this condition, it is work or starve. Under the circumstances, it would seem that a Continental life would be preferable in view of its cheapness, but these young fellows prefer America.

I have heard it stated that they are so cordially disliked in parts of Germany that shopkeepers have been known to turn their backs on them and even refuse their patronage.

The Englishman despises. He does not hate. It is this haughty disdain which exasperates generous and liberal people.

I think it was Heinrich Heine who said that he thought a blaspheming Frenchman was a more pleasing object to God than a praying Englishman.

"Americans are kinder to Englishmen," said one of these young men, "than Continental Europe. We have worked that section of the earth a trifle threadbare. They don't like us. When it comes to India, Australia, Canada, or any of the English Colonial possessions, we prefer the United States. It costs more to live there, but the life is worth living. Society receives us whether we have money or not. In London I'd be an office drudge, and be limited to boarding-house society. In the United States a well-educated, agreeable English gentleman is well thought of, and can dine at the expense of somebody else a good deal of the time."

What a joy it must be for them to get away from gloomy, dismal Canada, and touch the warm heart of emotion. Then, and not till then, do they realize the situation. No one can appreciate this delicious change for the better more keenly than the young English-Canadian.

They are well treated in the United States. The spirit of restless aspiration, the "yearning," if you please, for better life is encouraged there.

Dexterity, individualty and energy find congenial conditions in a country where men are untrammeled by old-fashioned fetters and their development has produced the wonders of scientific mechanism.

Bigotry is begotten of conceit and mental laziness.

The American people have influenced and are influencing and liberalizing the institutions of every nation of the world.

Even the African colonies are outdistancing Canada in the growth of population. The recent census of the Cape of Good Hope shows a population in round numbers as follows: Whites, 377,000; native blacks, 848,000; other colored races, 299,000; total, 1,524,000. The census of 1875 showed a total population of 720,000, and the increase since that time is 804,000. The Canadian Government has expended millions to attract new-comers. The newly arrived emigrant remains in the country a short time and soon discovers the cold realism of the situation, and there is a stampede to the States.

Canada is an immense country; it is richer than the United States in natural resources, and there are millions of acres of land that have never been plowed. Canada is one of the finest countries in the world, that is, as far as the country itself is concerned, but things are likely to continue as they are until some unusual and external force breaks in upon the present state of affairs.

Certain lines of conduct are followed by certain results, and only the higher varieties of men are capable of conceiving the ways in which good or bad institutions will eventually affect their spheres of action; and only among these is there excited that sympathetic sentiment of justice which prompts defence of fellow men.

Ingersoll once said:

"Those who feel are the only ones who think."

Many a man is a criminal because society has made him one. No one tries to find the good that may be sleeping down in his heart, and hardened and embittered by such treatment on the part of those whose duty it is to aid and save the poor, erring brother, they eventually become careless and sink lower and lower in the sea of sin, an outlaw from necessity, not from choice.

It makes one sad to study the daily papers of Toronto. The trouble lies in the tone of the productions. The editorial matter consists largely of scurrilous abuse. These papers devote considerable space to abuse of those on the

other side of the border and their government, evidently with the idea of checking the daily exodus of Canadians to the States. This probably helps to keep those who are here from all running away, thus preventing a complete stampede.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It is estimated that there are many thousands of persons in Toronto who are supported largely by money sent from the States. It is also a fact that the Dominion of Canada derives a vast portion of its wealth from the stream of embezzlers that escape from the States year after year with vast sums of the people's money.

The public is constantly warned by the press of Canada against the folly of the Americans.

The following is extracted from the editorial column of one of the Toronto daily papers, where one may see similar items every day :

"Ald. Leslie did not indulge in any fool talk when, during the recent campaign in East York, he characterized the United States as 'the meanest nation on the face of the earth.' It is not necessary to go back to ancient history and rake up the story of the forged map, by which Canada was done out of a large slice of territory, or to refer to the denial of compensation for damages sustained by this country during the Fenian raid, in order to prove the truth of Mr. Leslie's assertion. Instances which illustrate the national meanness occur almost daily. Tumbling a score of French-Canadians from a train as it crossed the border between Quebec and the States was one ; driving three hundred of our fellow citizens, employed at Buffalo, back to Ontario was another ; in the refusal to allow any but United States citizens to serve on lake vessels flying the American flag is found still another evidence of Yankee pettiness, and the national characteristic was even more strikingly exemplified in the action taken to prevent a lot of poor seamstresses living in Sarnia from earning their livelihood in Port Huron.

If Ald. Leslie erred at all, it was in that the expression he made use of was not strong enough. Individually the Americans may be all right; collectively they are the meanest people on the face of the earth."

Canadians look upon the great republic of the United States with their seventy millions of prosperous and free people as a conglomerate of contemptible humanity, commonly called Yankees, several degrees below the average Canadian, who, as a colonist, is of course a very superior type of citizenship. The whole civilized world is absolutely paralyzed at the unrivalled development and progress of the great American Republic. But what is that great country compared to Canada? Ask Canadians, and they will tell you in their blindfold prejudice that Canada and its marvelous colonial constitution are far ahead of anything American.

The Prime Minister himself, Sir John Thompson, referring to the United States, particularly declared that he would condescend that they should be "our neighbors," but, thank God, nothing else!

I do not believe that these papers educate the people; but then, perhaps, the public educate the papers.

The low grade of intelligence and ability of the men elected at the dictation of party caucusses to represent Toronto in the House of Commons is notorious, and frequently the subject of disparaging comment. It is not, of course, to be expected that under the party system they can send men of the highest class, but there is really no need that they should be chumps or nonentities.

The reflection so often made on the calibre of Toronto city representatives is naturally directed against the Tory machine, inasmuch as it is responsible for them; but how much better are the Grits likely to do, judging from the last nomination (1892)? Ald. J. K. Leslie, in addressing the nominating convention, characterized the United States as the meanest nation on the face of the earth. What sort of a representative of the intelligent people of Toronto are

the men who could constantly make use of such expressions?

The fact of the matter is that Canada exists by reason of favors granted to her by the most enterprising and liberal people in the world. The United States could by a denial of these favors strike a blow at Canada's very existence.

It is not worth while to state that our neighbors have been ungrateful in their appreciation of these favors. Those who know the English-Scotch-Canadian way will be able to comprehend this without being told. Lazy men are the same in this respect the world over.

One can only speak of Canada and the Canadians as a sort of poor neighbor, a shiftless loafer and blackguard, living on the bounty of more enterprising relatives.

This may be an unpleasant characterization to Canadians, but it embodies the hard facts of the case.

I know, for I have wintered and summered there.

There is a good deal of talk every day in the Toronto papers about the "bad Yankees" getting the best of the poor, innocent Canadians. The fact is that no one could get the best of a Canadian if he tried.

Anyone who will stop to think for a minute can readily see that this would be impossible. Men get the best of one another sometimes, it is true, but no man can get the best of the citizen of Canada *under the present circumstances.*

Canada is a house leaning on the wall of a neighbor.

The most powerful visible agency on the side of the Tories is the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which the American people are keeping alive.

The determination of the case rests in truth with Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic party. If they decide to let Canadian products in free or at lower duties, the colony will be saved for a while longer to Britain. Without meaning any unkindness to the Canadian people, one can confidently say that ever since the war of independence

their country has been a *parasite* upon the United States, thriving so far as it has thriven upon American industry, yet keeping aloof from and even affecting to despise American institutions.

It is well, therefore, to point out that in commercial transactions the ordinary American business man, compared with the average Canadian in the same line of life, is, so far as purity of mind and business integrity are concerned, like a sucking babe compared to a very old Corsican brigand. Canadians who pitch into Jay Gould in their newspapers, and incidentally into American institutions, should never overlook the fact that, even if Americans, in the language of the great financiers, do "make monkeys of them" when we start out to get the better of them, and thereby hurt their feelings, we are, nevertheless, as a class, compared to them, innocent and pure.

When the Canadians have fully exhibited their capacity for self government by building up their bankrupt fortunes, and paying off their huge public debt, it will be time enough to talk about annexation to the United States.

This is the line of argument which appeals to Canadian manhood.

Americans desire to see Canada prosperous, and so far as their views can be ascertained, have no desire to annex a bankrupt country with a heavy debt and a crop of political jealousies, vindictiveness, and antagonisms that the better part of a century would scarcely clear away. But still Canada hangs on to the United States like a monkey to a tree.

In Canada, that is in the province of Ontario, there is *practically* but one nationality who all, more or less, think, talk, walk and act alike, and judge all new comers by their own surroundings. There is nothing much save animosity, hatred and spleen.

In the United States there is diversity, harmony and mutual love among men and women who are not indifferent

to one another's share in the worlds doings; that is, one is willing and anxious to learn from the other.

In Canada they are not.

Never attempt to offer a Canadian a "pointer" under any circumstances, or you will have "put you foot in it." You will be listened to with calm disdain.

The average Canadian cannot even say "yes" decently, and there is no one among his acquaintances whom he has not insulted or angered. These people run into mediocre sameness. Men are all alike, and their conversation all the same.

Every suggestion that you make, every idea that you advance, is met with insults, scorn and contempt.

It is not pleasant to live where every man despises his neighbor, and where there is neither love nor hate.

This is the very worst and most despicable feature of Canada's social life.

It rasps the nerves. It is a torture.

It has driven away the better class of workers by the tens of thousands.

It is no wonder that they are constantly thinking of and talking of their muscle.

If I were to live forever in Canada my chief ambition in life would be to become a pugilist.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished" was the failure of the Canadian Cabinet Ministers' conference with Secretary Blaine.

Sir John Thompson, the Hon. George E. Foster, and the Hon. McKenzie Bowell journeyed to Washington with the avowed purpose of considering the subject of reciprocity between Canada and the United States. The conference ended, and to all appearances so end the negotiations. The result was just as expected. The self-appointed delegates knew before they left Ottawa that the conference would amount to nothing. But they believed a demonstration would be a good thing for the party, and they went.

About a year or two ago* some correspondence passed between the Canadian Minister of Justice and Acting-Premier and Secretary Blaine, in which it plainly appeared that the programme as outlined by the Canadians was lopsided and would not be considered for one moment by Congress. And it is not unfair, in view of subsequent developments, to charge the self-delegated delegation with a bold attempt to hoodwink the large and constantly-increasing reciprocity element in Canada into the belief that the Abbott Administration was prepared to treat with the United States in their interests.

The Canadian Government sent a delegation to Washington prepared to discuss reciprocity in "natural products." What a snap it would be for Canada to have the great market of the United States thrown wide open to her products of the farm, forest and mine, and to give in return a petty market for American oranges and early watermelons! And because the United States Government

* This was written in 1892.

would not accept this jug-handled arrangement the press of Canada are continually repeating the assertion that the Americans are the meanest nation on the face of the earth.

It is said that Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister, felt much embarrassed at the part he was compelled to take in the affair.

James G. Blaine hit the nail on the head when he once spoke of the head of the Canadian Government as an old wriggler.

The honorable delegates tacked on a few manufactured articles which the United States does not make, and in order to blind their own countrymen made themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the Washington authorities. And yet to all appearances the electors of Canada like that sort of thing. The more rascality there is in Government offices the more secure is the Government.

Is there an intelligent voter in Canada whose eyes are so blinded by political preference that he cannot see the duplicity of the delegates to Washington? The reciprocity plan, as proposed by Sir John Thompson and his fellows, was, instead of a wedge to open the preliminaries of a conference, an absolute barrier. On the other hand, the unrestricted reciprocity plan, as projected by the Liberal party, is so much wider and liberal that it would, doubtless, receive the favorable attention of the Government of the United States. The Liberals of Canada are desirous of effecting closer and more friendly trade relations with the United States. The Abbott Administration of Canada pins its faith to the Union Jack, and one might as soon expect the heavens to fall as the Tory Government of Canada to enter into any contract with this or any other nation which might discriminate against England, or be opposed in any way to British interests. Therefore, this last and greatest bluff of the Canadian Tories can only be fitly described as a successful failure.

As a matter of fact, the United States has always been

willing to grant Canada as favorable terms as it would grant to any nation, but will not grant reciprocity in natural products alone, which is the impossible thing the Conservative party of Canada talks about. The United States has little or no market for natural products in Canada, and such reciprocity would be altogether one-sided. The Conservative Government of Canada knows it is useless to talk in that line, and that is why Canadians were always able to prophesy the failure of the Washington mission so accurately. But, to make doubly sure that the Commissioners from Canada who were sent to do nothing should not commit themselves, the Canadian Government did not empower them to do anything.

Since the presidential proclamation in pursuance of the act of July 26, 1892, empowering the President to impose tolls for the use of St. Mary's Falls canal upon vessels carrying freight and passengers to Canada, we have a fair example of what retaliation with Canada can be like. Every Canadian bottom will have to pay twenty cents per ton for toll upon such freight as she carries through the canal at the Sault. This exactly meets the tolls imposed by Canada for the use of her St. Lawrence canals, and it is in the further province of the President to increase these tolls until they equal $2 per ton and $5 per passenger, which would be prohibitive of Canadian-bound traffic.

There is only one course open to the Canadians, and that is not continued retaliation. It is the removal of the existing obnoxious tolls. Their ministers say that the tolls cannot be removed this year, because their mariners have made contracts based upon the payment of such tolls by the Americans. In the event of these tolls being removed they can be no worse off than they are in having to confront a 20-cent toll at the Sault which they will have to pay in case they want to pass into Lake Superior. If Canadian mariners are to lose money by the removal of the tolls they can look to their government for recompense. It has wasted so much already that a little more expense,

as the result of stupidity and obstinacy, should not be noticed.

From time to time questions of vast importance to the Dominion are coming up in which the people at large are deeply interested. Such a question has been much discussed of late in the Federal Parliament at Ottawa, arising from the immigration returns laid on the table of the House of Commons. The question of immigration and population was gone over from start to finish, and much startling, as well as valuable information, was brought out. In a new country like Canada, with a vast area and only a thin, scattered settlement, nothing is of more interest than matters relating to population. The development of the natural resources of the country depends largely, if not entirely, upon the growth of its population. There is not in the world to-day a larger field for enterprise and the investment of capital to greater advantage than is to be found in the Dominion. They have in the resources of the country everything that an indulgent Providence could give to make them great and prosperous ; but they lack the population to turn them to account. The immigrants whom the government assists to come to Canada from the slums of Great Britain are not always of the most desirable class, while the Canadians who leave the Dominion to seek their fortunes in other lands are the pick of the young men. It is estimated that there are between two and three million Canadians in the United States. A man who eight or nine years ago was a postmaster at Hull, Que.,—within gun shot of the Dominion Parliament buildings—is to-day Governor of one of the States of the Union. Two others are United States Senators, a third is sheriff of Chicago, and—coming into business life—we find the Canadians who went over to Uncle Sam occupying prominent positions as owners, partners and managers of large mercantile concerns, besides many others who have won prominence in professional life.

These are the sort of men Canada has lost—any one

of whom was worth a whole consignment of penniless immigrants.

When invitations are addressed to English farmers to emigrate to Canada it should be born in mind that the English farmer, is not, as a rule, a man who works much with his own hands. He superintends the work of hired laborers ; he is half a gentlemen and his wife is half a lady. They do not eat with the laborers. No farmer should expect to do much in Canada who does not work hard with his own hands.

CHAPTER XL.

The Toronto *Globe* views with alarm the increase of emigration from Canada to the United States, especially from the provinces below Quebec. At Sorel in one day 250 tickets were sold to emigrants, and at Levis about 1,500 persons per week depart for the same destination. The majority are old farmers, whose children had preceded them. If the movement goes on much longer half the population of the Dominion will before many years be in the Union. Whether this will work to the advantage of the United States is problematical. But it certainly will do great damage to Canada. The clergy and the Tory politicians have done all they could to check the outflow, but without effect. The people are getting weary of life in Canada, and they are taking refuge in their nearest neighbor States.

The exodus of French-Canadians from portions of the province of Quebec is growing to alarming proportions. So far the Federal Government has shut its eyes to this migration of Canadians, who are swelling the census rolls of the United States. When attention was drawn to the matter the invariable reply was that the thing was exaggerated, that only a few were leaving. But now (1892) comes the news that two churches in the province have been closed because the exodus was so great that the parishes have been depopulated. Reports received from those who have gone to the New England States—the favorite location of the French-Canadians in the States—give glowing tales of their prosperity there, and others follow. But still the press of Canada goes on stating that immigrants from the States are making their way to Canada in large numbers.

CHAPTER XLI.

A Canadian correspondent of the Utica (N. Y.) *Globe* says :

"In the conferences held in Washington between representatives of the Canadian and American Governments, in the matter of trade relations, the Canadians refused to enter into any arrangement with the American Government, claiming as an excuse for not doing so that they could not grant preferential treatment to American goods, as that would be a discrimination against the British empire, of which Canada is a part. This is the old, old story that has been told and retold by Canadian ministers, and offered to the people as an excuse for keeping them out of their natural market and continually in hot water with their neighbors. The state of affairs existing between the United States and Canada has not and never had a parallel in the world.

The thing bears the stamp of ridiculousness on the face of it. The Toronto *Globe* says : 'The position of the two countries is a sight for gods and men. Here are two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family glaring at each other across an imaginary line, refusing to trade freely with one another, and from time to time threatening to establish a state of complete non-intercourse. Is it creditable to their common Christianity or good sense ?' This state of affairs has grown out of the protective system, which shuts the country within itself and teaches its inhabitants to do all the injury possible to its neighbor. There is not an intelligent Canadian but admits that it would be of the greatest advantage to the Dominion to enter into closer trade relations with the United States, but they are frightened out of casting their votes in that be-

half by the everlasting howl of loyalty to the mother country that is kept up around the political camp fires, very much in the same way as a pack of hungry wolves howl around a woodman's fire at night. The only difference is that those political howlers represent the Americans to be the wolves that prowl around just without the circle of light, with their hungry jaws wide open and ready to bolt us whole, if once allowed to approach us close enough. Of course when this picture is enlarged upon it makes an excellent election harangue and fills the elector with such a dread that he goes tremblingly to the polls and votes for the keeping up of the wall, and then, when all is over, he packs his grip, scales the wall, and is forever lost to Canada. Those who remain are fenced in, and every argument is made use of to convince them that they are the happiest and most progressive people on earth.

As far as we Canadians are concerned, no one can deny that ability in any of us in any direction is more readily recognized and acknowledged by the Americans than by any other people. Many Canadians who have gone forth into the world to battle for name and fame have the Americans to thank for success. In England a Canadian has no show at all. There he is looked upon as a mere colonist, aud as such is considered of no account. When Hon. Edward Blake went over a few weeks ago and was elected to the Imperial Parliament, his coming was hailed with wonder rather than admiration. He was not placed upon the solid basis that his reputation for learning and his undoubted ability as a statesman entitled him to, but was rather shown as a curiosity. This is the way the best of our citizens are looked upon in England, where we should, above all other places, receive recognition. In the United States, however, Mr. Blake is considered one of the ablest lawyers in America, and the Ontario Bar as a whole is considered fully equal to the bar of any State in the American Union. From this it will be seen where the true friends of Canada are. Our

Government gives, or professes to give, all its love to England, and all its hatred to the United States, with the government of which it is continually at war. But this mode of procedure is entirely wrong and will not be indorsed by the people of Canada. We want peace and friendship, and should have our commercial relations as closely united as our social ones now are."

One of the most peculiar features of the Canadian Parliament is the manner in which a member listens to a reply to a speech he has just delivered. No sooner has he reached the climax to his last lofty flight and taken his seat, than he becomes deeply engrossed in a newspaper that may be a week old, or some book of reference that he has no more use for than he has for the reply of his "honorable friend opposite." It often strikes me that if I were on the floor of the House replying to a man who utterly ignored my existence I would be tempted to fire something at him and awake him to a consciousness of my being. That would not be a parliamentary argument, but it is sometimes very effective in the outside world.

While superficial or prejudiced observers may regard the recent scandals in Quebec as an isolated case, those who are truly familiar with Canadian politics are aware of a corruption that would challenge the admiration of a Dudley or a Quay.

If you look for sincerity in men in Canada you will find that it is of no use to talk of or to think about it. You will find it impossible of realization, and you will find, alas, that the grave will close over you, the earth will fill your mouth, your body will drop apart piecemeal without your ever tasting or experiencing anything of that description.

No man appears to show any consideration for the feelings of others ; no man appears to speak kindly of another, or to have any respect for the opinions of others.

Kind words would stick in their throats, and would not pass those teeth that are never unclosed, or those lips

that open with difficulty. Undecided, vague, sticky phrases suit them best; phrases such as only the English language admits.

All this tends to draw out the mean side of your nature.

If you should become familiar with the average Canadian or show him any consideration or respect, he, like the English serving man, would look upon you with contempt. To make friends with him is to forfeit his good opinion of you. He has not been accustomed to either friendship or good treatment, and it is always impolitic to take more interest in people than they do in themselves. And so it is the wisest plan not to insist on making *friends* or to mingle too much in society. They seem to say: "You are no good, or you would not associate with me."

Speaking of the English serving man, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, in her story, "Penelope's English Experiences," in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, thus gives her heroine's views concerning the English upper servant:

"As for me, I get on charmingly with the English nobility and sufficiently well with the gentry, but the upper servants strike terror to my soul. There is something awe-inspiring to me about an English butler, particularly one in imposing livery. When I call upon Lady DeWolfe, I say to myself impressively, as I go up the steps: 'You are as good as a butler, as well born and well bred as a butler, even more intelligent than a butler. Now, simply because he has an unapproachable haughtiness of demeanor, which you can respectfully admire, but can never hope to imitate, do not cower beneath the polar light of his eye; assert yourself; be a woman; be an American citizen!' All in vain. The moment the door opens I ask for Lady DeWolfe in so timid a tone that I know Parker thinks me the parlor maid's sister who has rung the visitor's bell by mistake. If my lady is within, I follow Parker to the drawing-room, my knees shaking under me at the prospect

of committing some solecism in his sight. Lady DeWolfe's husband has been noble only four months, and Parker of course knows it, and, perhaps, affects even greater hauteur to divert the attention of the vulgar commoner from the newness of the title.

Dawson, our butler at Smith's private hotel, wields the same blighting influence on our republican spirits, accustomed to the soft solicitations of the negro waiter or the comfortable indifference of the free-born American. We never indulge in ordinary frivolous conservation when Dawson is serving us at dinner. We 'talk up' to him so far as we are able, and before we utter any remark we inquire mentally whether Dawson is likely to think it good form. But the other afternoon I had taken tea four times between five and seven o'clock, and went to the dinner table well stimulated and with something of my usual national nonchalance. Accordingly, I maintained throughout dinner a lofty height of aristocratic elegance that impressed even the impassive Dawson, towards whom it was solely directed. To the amazement and amusement of Salemina (who always takes my cheerful inanities at their face value), I gave an hypothetical account of my afternoon engagements, interlarding it so thickly with countesses and marchionesses and lords and honorables that though Dawson has passed soup to duchesses, and scarcely ever handed a plate to anything less than a baroness, he diluted the customary scorn of his glance, and made it two parts condenscending approval as it rested on me, Penelope Hamilton, of the great American working class (unlimited)."

I have been frequently accosted in Canada by those in the humbler walks of life (strangers to me), and when I have replied to them with civility they would regard me with a suspicious air that seemed to say plainer than words: "You are no good or you would not be seen talking to me." They are puzzled, as a rule, to have met (for the first time) with a person who does not despise even the meanest of

God's creatures, and they will wonder who you are. They have not met your kind before. They do not understand you.

They have frequently remarked to me in as many words, after telling me who they were and the nature of their business, etc., that they supposed that I would not associate with them if I knew before who they were. This is intensely English. They themselves despise, but they do not hate. It is no small wonder that people with English ways have no particular *personal* love for each other.

It would seem that they have become so accustomed to despise, and so accustomed to being despised among themselves, that if you do not despise them they will despise you. One need never be afraid of meeting *many* of this kind of men or women outside of Canada or Great Britain.

Max O'Rell has well said :

"The English despise, but they do not hate, a fact which is irritating to the last degree to the objects of their attention. When a man feels that he has some worth he likes to be loved or hated ; to be treated with indifference is galling."

If the Canadians discover anything about you (good or bad) which can be used to your injury, even the bar-tender, barber, or boot-black will give you the cold shoulder, and look upon you with an air of calm disdain which can be compared to the contempt of the plantation darkey for "de po' w'ite trash w'at ain't nebber own no niggers."

They will make your private affairs their common concern, and they will inform you that "they know all about you," etc. The one leading idea of men seems to be to abuse some other man. This is a bugbear and incubus that one cannot shake off. It meets the outsider at every step.

How would you, kind reader, fare, in the estimation of the unprejudiced man in the moon, let us say, if you

were judged by our criminals, sneaks, crooks and "black sheep" variously? You as a man ask to be gauged by our noblest characters.

I met a man in Canada from New York City who has lived in all parts of the world, and when he inquired of me as to the easiest way to die, and spoke of his life here, he cried like a child. English churlishness and general meanness shows itself in every act or fact in Canada wherever you go. This is especially directed against those whose rule of conduct is their own inclination. Foreigners are in a painful position, and those who are in any way sensitive suffer the most.

"God pity the folks who take things hard," says Amber. "Their graves are in every cemetery; the sound of their sighing fills the earth with greater unrest than the moaning of the sea. You call such people nervous, sometimes, and make light of their suffering, or you give them cold glances as you pass them by. Let me tell you right now you should give them of the sweetest store of sympathy you keep on hand, rather, and you should deal with them as you would deal with the bruised victims of a wreck, in a catastrophe they had no hand in precipitating. You folks who are cool-headed and equable have no right to sit in judgment upon such as they. What if you are easy to suit? Why shouldn't you be? Why shouldn't a boat float down stream, or a feather fly? When boats that are headed against the current make ever so little progress there is more credit to be given to the man that is tugging at the oars than can in justice be accorded to the fellow who has nothing to do but sit back in his seat and let the old scow drift. And when a nature that has more of the ballast of care in its make-up than the buoyancy of feathers rises into the upper air only occasionally and tries to fly in company with the birds, there is more glory to be attached to the performance than pertains to all the gyrations of thistle-down natures and gossamer souls that ever scurried in front of a favoring breeze."

I never heard a man in Canada speak well of his neighbor, or of any friend or stranger, or of anyone else. In fact I have never known the average Canadian to utter a word of praise for any man, be he good, bad or indifferent.

This is the English way.

The newspapers of Paris, which are constantly alluding to the Canadians as "gloomy, melancholy hypocrites," "English pigs," etc., etc., are quite right after all. I never heard any earnest, sociable, intelligent conversation during the three years that I spent in dismal Canada. There is little conversation saving conventional remarks.

I venture to say that among the citizens of the United States there is less known and understood about the Dominion and its people than of any other country in the world, in spite of the fact that Canada is a next-door neighbor, and that in both of these countries the English language prevails. The average American can talk to you intelligently about the inhabitants of China and Mexico, and the ways of the world, but he knows nothing about Canada and the ways of its people.

It is not until they go there as residents that their eyes are opened to a new life. It is not until then that they gain wisdom and experience such as will last them for a long time.

When I first went to Canada I met a man from Denver, Col., whose business required him to remain there. When I inquired for him one day, soon afterward, I was not surprised to hear that he had died of a broken heart.

There are various kinds of unfortunate and humiliating surroundings, but none perhaps harder to endure for highly organized and self-respecting people than the companionship of the china vase and the brazen pot, which, as you will remember, Æsop tells us undertook to float down the stream in company.

Well, these people are a sort of brazen pot—not *always* the quiet, massive things that in men we call brutal. Some of the better educated are just little Benares cups, or let us

say salt cellars, as some of them may abound in attic wisdom, but the thinnest and prettiest bit of brass, if constantly knocked up against the edges of a china cup, will fret and chip and spoil if it does not absolutely crush it.

And which is the worst after all, tell me, oh, china cups? The two or three blows that absolutely destroy and efface, or the little jarrings and scratches and nicks and nips that deface a piece of china and cover a person's face with wrinkles and worry lines before its time? For my part I incline to think the latter torment the more unendurable.

One of the tortures of the Inquisition was to shave the top of a man's head and then place him under a tank of water which fell one slow drop after another upon the defenceless scalp. It is said that prisoners who laughed at the rack and jeered at the flames succumbed under this torture, the effect of which was to so irritate the whole nervous system that it thrilled with agonies not to be produced by violence.

Just like this is the agony many a sensitive and high strung person endures by enforced companionship with those whose almost every word and action is an offence and an annoyance and who never make allowances for anybody but themselves, and who never understand nor care when they are hurting anyone's feelings until they are told so, and then cannot in the very least understand how they do so; people who look at everything from a coarse and material point of view; who interrupt one's most heartfelt utterance with a poor joke, which at once silences and disgusts them; who, on the other hand, if one tries to be cheerful and tell them some little story or make some little jest, cut it short with a yawn and: "By Jove! only ten o'clock! What an endless evening!"

"The English," it has been said, "keep the marks of the mold their childhood is formed in, and with difficulty take on other impressions."

The simple truth is that prejudice of the English-

Canadian kind, which makes itself so offensive, is a manifestation of lingering barbarism.

Sidney Smith has well said :

"If I wanted to punish an enemy, I would fasten on him the torture of continually hating some one."

The man who insults another through prejudice, or who in any other way persecutes men, is deficient in civilization. Public opinion is the great educator, and to it mainly we must look for the gradual emancipation of our barbarians from their condition of savage narrow-mindedness.

Prejudices among some people are specially long-lived and may almost be said to never die out.

America's most gifted orator wrote wisely when he said :

" Prejudice can give the lie to all other senses !

Prejudice is the womb of injustice !

Prejudice can swear the north star out of the sky o. truth !

Prejudice has bribed a thousand men where gold has bribed one !

The man who cannot rise above prejudice is not civilized—he is a barbarian !"

I maintain that the potent way to do good in this world—referring always, of course, to the case under consideration—is to call sinners to repentence. But this is not the English-Scotch-Canadian way, their way is to stone them and drive them to almost sure destruction.

The cure for their narrow minds and their prejudices and their lingering barbarism is civilization, a cure slow in operation, but certain in its ultimate results.

Abbe Dugas, in a letter to *Le Canadien*, laments the continued exodus of his compatriots to the United States and urges, as a means of keeping them in this country, the putting forth of an organized effort to divert the stream of immigration to the Northwest.

There is still an abundance of fruitful virgin soil lying untilled in the sister province, and even that which is

occupied does not produce to anything like the extent that it might be made to produce.

Quebec's need is not a policy for the removal of her people elsewhere. What she does require is radical local reforms.

That province is to-day suffering from three removable causes. The first of these is seen in the exactions of the clergy, estimated at ten million dollars a year, or about one-third the ordinary income of the Federal Government. The second is found in the impoverishment of the people by boodling politicians who have heaped up a provincial debt of between thirty and forty million dollars. The third lies in the antiquated methods of agriculture.

The recent defeat of the Mercier Government gives ground for hope that the second cause of industrial stagnation will shortly be removed, and the discussion now going on in the French press shows that the people are at least beginning to see how great is the load that the priests have placed upon their shoulders. If Quebec once thoroughly frees herself from the first two causes of her backwardness—clerical oppression and piratical politicians—the energy aroused by the effort will speedily sweep away the third cause that bars the way to her material advancement.

A Canadian paper contains the following :

"The Canadian authorities have been petitioned by the people of Three Rivers, Quebec, to request the American Goverment to recall United States Consul Nicholas Smith, stationed in that city. Mr. Smith has got himself into trouble by reporting to the Marine Hospital service of the United States on the sanitary condition of Three Rivers. In his report he refers to the town in an insulting and untruthful manner, arousing thereby the indignation of the people, who turned out in a body recently and stormed the consulate. The report makes very good reading. Mr. Smith commences by stating that the vital statistics of the town have not been gathered, owing to a

dispute regarding who should pay the cost, the Dominion or Provincial Government. After stating that he has been assured by the leading physicians and apothecaries that the health of the community was never better than at present, he describes the location of the town, which is built on a sandy peninsula of slight elevation, and continues : Of its 2,000 houses, 1,500 at least are cottages of not more than three rooms each, without yards, and banked up to the window sills with sand. Seven persons and a pig, which is made to feel at home, constitute the average family. For six months of the year the necessity of economizing heat is so great that a draught of fresh air is rarely admitted to their rooms. Soap as a detergent is practically unknown, and a thrifty housewife would as soon think of tearing the boards from her house for fuel as of bathing her offspring in winter. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that they, like the Hindoo fakirs, believed in the holiness of dirt. If emaciation and pallor can be accepted as the evidences of innutrition, a large proportion of the people go to bed hungry every night in the year. Now, the best thing known concerning the cholera is that its favorite subjects are those who from poverty are badly fed, and who from sloth neglect their persons and live in dirty, ill-drained and badly-ventilated houses. Yet, notwithstanding the unhealthy conditions I have described, and the presence of cholera at their gates, the authorities of Three Rivers are only now beginning to move. It has seemed next to impossible for them to realize that if the city was to be protected from the plague it was they, and not the clergy, who were to be the means of saving it. The long habit of attributing pestilence to the Divine wrath, and looking to the church for deliverance, appeared to hold them in its fatal spell. But the bishop, a really great man, who practically rules the community, intimated to them that eternal vigilance is the price of safety, in time as well as in eternity, and that in emergencies like the present, action is prayer, and they

have gone distrustfully to work. With the usual sagacity, however, of municipal bodies they have begun by setting gangs of men to digging in the streets, turning over earth that for 200 years has been saturated with slops, so that if by any chance the citizens escape the cholera in October they may die of typhus in November. The simple truth is that in spite of surroundings which, but for the high latitude of the town and the busy industry of that enterprising scavenger, the housefly (which, like the New England manufacturer, seems to have determined to turn the Province of Quebec into a breeding ground for operatives), might generate a pestilence at any time, nothing is being done to stay the coming of the cholera that now rides at anchor upon their seaboard."

"And yet," says a Canadian writer, "people wonder that we do not progress. The world knows how rich we are in all that nature can bestow, but people fight shy of our shores.* Some papers have been contending that this is due to our being only a colony, and immigrants prefer seeking their fortunes in a thoroughly independent nation, where there is no connection, however abstract, with old world forms, which they are leaving behind them. There is, of course, a great deal in this argument inasmuch as immigrants are concerned, but how about Canadians themselves? They know that our connection with the old world is of the most abstract nature—that we are entirely free and independent in all matters, and if this were the only cause that retards our progress, it is reasonable to suppose that they, knowing differently, would not fly from the country. But the fact is that they do leave Canada to seek their fortunes elsewhere. There is scarcely a train speeding on its way to Uncle Sam's dominions that does not carry some deserting Canadian among its passengers. From the province of Quebec they are going in such num-

* It is not on account of the good treatment they receive in Canada. This is confirmed by the opinion of every one who has traveled. Man as a social being is largely dependent for happiness as well upon the conduct of his fellows as upon his own.

bers that parish churches are being closed up as no longer useful, the worshippers having left the country never to return. All this is very discouraging to a young country, and we would like to be able to prove these reports false, but facts are against us. Reports are coming to hand of a counter movement in the northwest, which, we are told, is being filled up by ex-Canadians returning from Michigan and Dakota, but if all the Canadians in these two States were to return they would not be a handful as compared with the millions of Canadians in the other parts of the republic who assert they are doing well and would not think of coming back. There is scarcely a home in the Dominion in which you will not be told there is 'a son or two in the States.' Now, as we have said, this is not the result of our being a colony, because Canadians know that we are neither governed nor controlled from abroad."

CHAPTER XLII.

"What meant He upon whose teachings you have builded your religion, when He said: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?' Were these but things for mealy-mouthed preachers to utter with upturned eyes in raised places? Or were they truisms for the actual guidance of every man's life?

Oh, when will the morning break? When will men leave off wrangling about eternal punishment, foreordination, election, heterodoxy, inspiration, transubstantiation, method, creed and communion? When will they cease to build steeples to the sky, to rear altars of marble, windows of stained glass, to use tapestries of velvet and candlesticks of gold? When shall humanity, first-born daughter of education, walk forth to raise the oppressed, to cement the fraternity of man? When shall the white-robed angel of sympathy touch with her kindly influence the pompous hypocrite, and change him to a man-helping, man-loving being? Then shall envy cease, selfishness die, and hypocrisy and cant take themselves off to the hideous things of the past, no more to haunt us, no more to shame us."

Men do not like to be free. They no sooner escape one master than they run to another, and with their own hands clasp his collar around their necks. Few dare to be individuals and to act as individuals.

Some slaves in the South would not take their freedom when it was offered them. Freedom would have increased their happiness, but they were too far gone in slavery to understand that. Some men, and women too, are like those sodden slaves.

"The emblem of human life has always been a set of shackles wet with tears, but the day is coming when there will not be a ball and chain in the world, and when tears will be as scarce as Gods."

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